HEALTH AND WEALTH

BY

ELBERT HUBBARD





The Bancroft Library

University of California • Berkeley

Gift of

THE HEARST CORPORATION

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/healthwealthwher00hubbrich



HEALTH & WEALTH

By Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora

Wherein is pleasingly told how to be happy—but not too happy—and yet be rich; containing thoughts, always sincere and sometimes serious, concerning the best methods of preventing one from becoming a burden to himself, a weariness to his friends, a trial to his neighbors and a reflection on his Maker



Done into a Book by The Roycrofters and sold by them at their Shop, which also is in East Aurora, N. Y., mcmviii

Copyright
1908
By Elbert Hubbard

Health and Wealth

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true; I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have

—Abraham Lincoln

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson

MAN IS NOT YET CREATED—HE IS ONLY IN PROCESS

INVOCATION

MY heart goes out to you, O Man, because I cannot conceive of any being greater, nobler, more heroic, more tenderly loving, loyal, unselfish and enduring than are you.

All the love I know is Man's love. All the forgiveness I know is Man's forgiveness. All the sympathy I know is Man's sympathy. Hence I address myself to Man—to you—and you I would serve.

The fact that you are a human being brings you near to me. It is the bond that unites us. I understand you because you are a part of myself. You may like me or not—it makes no difference—if ever you need my help, I am with you. Often we can help each other most by leaving each other alone; at other times we need the hand-grasp and the word of cheer. I am only a man—a mere man—but in times of loneliness, think of me as one who loves his kind. What your condition is in life will not prejudice me, either for or against you. What you have done or not done will not weigh in the scale.

If you have been wise and prudent, I congratulate you, unless you are unable to forget how wise and good you are, then I pity you. If you have stumbled, fallen and been mired in the mud, and have failed to be a friend to yourself, then you of all men need friendship and I am your friend. I am the friend of convicts, insane people and fools—successful and unsuccessful, college-bred and illiterate.

You all belong to my church.

I could not exclude you if I would ❧ But if I should shut you out, I would then close the door upon myself and be a prisoner, indeed.

The Spirit of Love that flows through me and of which I am a part, is your portion, too. The race is one and we trace to a common Divine Ancestry ❧ ❧

I offer you no reward for being loyal to me, and surely I do not threaten you with pain, penalty and dire ill fortune if you are indifferent to me.

¶ You cannot win me by praise or adulation.

¶ You cannot shut my heart against you, even though you deny and revile me.

Only the good can reach me, and no thought of love you send me can be lost or missent.

All the kindness you feel for me should be given to those nearest you, and it shall all be passed to your credit, for you yourself are the record of your thoughts, and no error can occur in the count.

You belong to my church, and always and forever my friendship shall follow you, yet never intrude ✍ ✍

I do not ask you to incur obligations or make promises. There are no dues. I do not demand that you shall do this and not do that. I issue no commands.

I cannot lighten your burden and perhaps I should not, even if I could, for men grow strong thru bearing burdens. If I can, I will show you how to acquire strength to meet all your difficulties, and face the duties of the day.

¶ It is not for me to take charge of your life, for surely I do well if I look after one person ✍ If you err, it is not for me to punish you. We are punished by our sins, not for them.

Soon or late I know you will see that to do right brings Good, and to do wrong brings misery, but you will abide by the Law and all good things will be yours. I cannot change these laws

—I cannot make you exempt from your own blunders and mistakes.

And you cannot change the Eternal Laws for me, even though you die for me.

But perhaps I can point you the pathway that leads to Love, Truth and Usefulness, and this I want to do, because I am your friend ✍ And then by pointing you the way I find it myself. You belong to me—you are a member of my church—all are members of my church, none are excluded or can be excluded. So over the plains and prairies, over the mountains and seas, over the cities and towns, in palaces, tenements, moving-wagons, dugouts, cottages, hovels, sleeping-cars, day-coach, caboose, cab, in solitary cells behind prison bars, or wandering out under the stars, my heart goes out to you, whoever you are, and I wish you well ✍ Only love do I send, and a desire to bless and benefit. AMEN.



To Plow is to Pray

A Prayer

THE supreme prayer of my heart is not to be learned, rich, famous, powerful, or "good," but simply to be radiant ✱ I desire to radiate health, cheerfulness, calm courage and good will. ¶ I wish to live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy, fear. I wish to be simple, honest, frank, natural, clean in mind and clean in body, unaffected—to say "I do not know," if it be so, and to meet all men on an absolute equality—to face any obstacle and meet every difficulty unabashed and unafraid. ¶ I wish others to live their lives, too—up to their highest, fullest and best. To that end I pray that I may never meddle, interfere, dictate, give advice that is not wanted, or assist when my services are not needed. If I can help people, I'll do it by giving them a chance to help themselves; and if I can uplift or inspire, let it be by example, inference and suggestion, rather than by injunction and dictation. That is to say, I Desire to be Radiant—to Radiate Life.

MUTUALITY, RECIPROCITY, CO-OPERATION

Declaration

I HOLD these truths to be self-evident:
That man was made to be happy;
That happiness is only attainable through useful effort;
That the best way to help ourselves is to help others;
That useful effort means the proper exercise of all our faculties;
That we grow only through this exercise;
That education should continue through life, and the joys of mental endeavor should be, especially, the solace of the old;
That where men alternate work, study and play in right proportion, the brain is the last organ of the body to fail. Death for such has no terrors;
That the possession of wealth can never make a man exempt from useful, manual labor;
That if all would work a little, none would be overworked;
That if no one wasted, all would have enough;
¶ That if none were overfed, none would be underfed;

That the rich and "educated" need education quite as much as the poor and illiterate;
That the presence of a serving class is an indictment and a disgrace to our civilization;
That the disadvantage of having a serving class falls most upon those who are served, and not upon those who serve—just as the real curse of slavery falls upon the slave-owner;
That the presence of a serving class tends toward dissolution instead of co-operation;
That the people who are waited on by a serving class cannot have a just consideration for the rights of others, and that they waste both time and substance, both of which are lost forever, and can only partially be made good by additional human effort;
That the person who lives on the labor of others, not giving himself in return to the best of his ability, is really a consumer of human life;
That the best way to abolish a serving class is for all to join it;
That in useful service there is no high nor low;
That all duties, offices and things which are useful and necessary are sacred, and that nothing else is or can be.

HEALTH IS THE MOST NATURAL THING IN THE WORLD

Health and Habit

IF you have health, you probably will be happy; and if you have health and happiness, you will have all the wealth you need, even if not all you want.

Health is the most natural thing in the world. It is natural to be healthy because we are a part of Nature—we are Nature. Nature is trying hard to keep us well, because she needs us in her business.

Nature needs man so he will be useful to other men

The rewards of life are for service.

And the penalties of life are for selfishness.

¶ Human service is the highest form of self-interest for the person who serves.

We preserve our sanity only as we forget self in service.

To center on one's self, and forget our relationship to society is to summon misery, and misery means disease.

Unhappiness is an irritant. It affects the heart-beats or circulation first; then the digestion, and the person is ripe for two hundred and nineteen diseases, and six hundred and forty-two complications

Nothing you can take out of a bottle or that you can rub on, will remove the cause of misery.

"Medicine is only palliative," says Dr. Weir Mitchell, "for back of disease lies the cause, and this cause no drug can reach."

"I've got a cold in my head," said the man to the wise doctor.

And the doctor replied, "Doubtless, for that is the only place where the microbe abides."

People who dread disease and fear disease have disease

The recipe for good health is this: Forget it. ¶ What we call diseases are merely symptoms of mental conditions.

Our bodies are automatic, and thinking about your digestion does not aid you Rather it hinders, since the process of thinking, especially anxious thinking, robs the stomach of its blood, and transfers it to the head.

If you are worried enough, digestion will stop

absolutely. ¶ The moral is obvious: Don't Worry.
"This horse is all right, unless he gets scared," said a horseback rider to me, the other day.
And I answered, "So am I!"
In public speaking I have often noticed that when I am anxious to make a big speech, I grow fearful about my voice, and begin to distrust my memory. The result is that I have to push that speech ahead of me for the whole blessed hour and a half, and am conscious of my feet and aware of my hands all the time. The result is a strictly Class B oratorical effort. ¶ That is to say, it was an effort and not a pleasure for either the speaker or the audience. For a speaker supplies the mood for the audience. If the speaker is happy, the audience is, also. And as before hinted, we are only happy when we forget ourselves and do not know whether we are happy or not.
Those rare times when I make a big impression upon my auditors are when I go upon the stage with a certain amount of indifference, simply taking care not to have over-eaten. Then I start in slowly, and soon the thoughts are coming along, just as fast as I can use them. The air is

full of reasons, and all I have to do is to reach up and pick the ones I want.

With good health it is the same—just a few plain rules, and the whole matter is automatic and self-lubricating. Health is a habit.

We are ruled by habit.

There are three habits which, with but one condition added, will give you everything in the world worth having, and beyond which the imagination of man cannot conjure forth a single addition or improvement. These habits are:

THE WORK HABIT.
THE HEALTH HABIT.
THE STUDY HABIT.

If you are a man and have these habits, and also have the love of a woman who has these same habits, you are in Paradise now and here, and so is she.

Health, Books and Work, with Love added, are a solace for all the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune—a defense 'gainst all the storms that blow, for through their use you transmute sadness into mirth, trouble into ballast, pain into joy.

Do you say that religion is still needed?

Then I answer that Work, Study, Health and Love constitute religion. Moreover, any religion that leaves out any one of these four ingredients is not religion, but fetich.

And yet most formal religions have pronounced the love of man for woman and woman for man an evil thing.

They have proclaimed labor a curse.

They have said that sickness was sent from God; and they have whipped and scorned the human body as something despicable, and thus have placed a handicap on health, and made the doctor a necessity.

And they have said that mental attainment was a vain and frivolous thing, and that our reason was a lure to lead us on to the eternal loss of our soul's salvation.

Now, we deny it all, and again proclaim that these will bring you all the good there is—Health, Work, Study—Love!

Work means safety for yourself and service to mankind. Health means much happiness and potential power. Study means knowledge, equanimity and the evolving mind. Love means all the rest!

But Love must be a matter of reciprocity, not a one-sided affair. "I love you because you love the things that I love."

A man who marries a woman in order to educate her, falls a victim to the same fallacy that the woman does who marries a man expecting to reform him.

If you marry a woman who is not on your mental wire, you'll either go down to her level or you will live in a water-tight compartment and go to purgatory through mental asphyxiation.

Choose this day the habits you would have rule over you.

To Know All Is To Forgive All

The Things We Know

IN courts of law the phrase "I believe" has no standing. Never a witness gives testimony but that he is cautioned thus, "Tell us what you know, not what you believe."

¶ In theology, belief has always been regarded as more important than that which your senses say is so.

Almost without exception "belief" is a legacy,

an importation—something borrowed, an echo, and often an echo of an echo.

The Creed of the Future will begin, "I know," not "I believe." And this creed will not be forced upon the people. It will carry with it no coercion, no blackmail, no promise of an eternal life of idleness and ease if you accept it, and no threat of hell if you don't. It will have no paid, professional priesthood, claiming honors, rebates and exemptions, nor will it hold estates free from taxation. It will not organize itself into a system, marry itself to the State, and call on the police for support. It will be reasonable, so in the line of self-preservation that no sane man or woman will reject it, and when we really begin to live it we will cease to talk about it.

As a suggestion and first rough draft, I submit this—I KNOW:

That I am here
In a world where nothing is permanent but change,
And that in degree I, myself, can change the form of things
And influence a few people;

And that I am influenced by these and other people;
That I am influenced by the example and by the work of men who are no longer alive,
And that the work I now do will in degree influence people who may live after my life has changed into other forms;
That a certain attitude of mind and habit of action on my part will add to the peace, happiness and well-being of other people,
And that a different thought and action on my part will bring pain and discord to others;
That if I would secure reasonable happiness for myself, I must give out good-will to others;
That to better my own condition I must practice mutuality;
That bodily health is necessary to continued and effective work;
That I am largely ruled by habit;
That habit is a form of exercise;
That up to a certain point, exercise means increased strength or ease in effort;
That all life is the expression of spirit;
That my spirit influences my body,
And my body influences my spirit;

That the universe to me is very beautiful, and everything and everybody in it good and beautiful, when my body and my spirit are in harmonious mood;
That my thoughts are hopeful and helpful unless I am filled with fear,
And that to eliminate fear my life must be dedicated to useful work—work in which I forget myself;
That fresh air in abundance, and moderate, systematic exercise in the open air are the part of wisdom;
That I cannot afford, for my own sake, to be resentful nor quick to take offense;
That happiness is a great power for good,
And that happiness is not possible without moderation and equanimity;
That time turns all discords into harmony if men will but be kind and patient,
And that the reward which life holds out for work is not idleness nor rest, nor immunity from work, but increased capacity, GREATER DIFFICULTIES, MORE WORK.



GOSSIPS LIE LIKE EPITAPHS

The Gossip Microbe

THE person who plays pitch-and-toss with your good name is not necessarily your enemy.

Probably if you go to him quietly and ask a favor, he will be glad to grant it, and will consider it an honor to exert himself in your behalf. His unkind remarks are the result of the Gossip-Habit. He talks to hear himself talk—nothing is quite so pleasing to his ears as the sound of his own bazoo. To have others listen to his vaporings is gratifying to his vanity.

He dissects the life and belittles the motives of anybody and everybody who are not present. Should the person reviled suddenly appear upon the scene, the theme quickly changes, and the newcomer is treated with kindly deference, and is regaled by hearing the character of some one else ripped up into carpet-rags.

The Gossip Microbe is born of vacuity, and breeds best in idle minds.

If you do not hear what the scandalmonger says, you are not harmed. As for those who hear

him, they are not influenced against you by what he says, and for the most part his words die on the empty air.

He injures no one but himself.

However, the person who comes and tells you what the loquacious one says about you, is a positive pest. His action is unforgivable and unpardonable. He robs you of your peace of mind. The idle charges when told over again take on a different color and become realities.

So to repeat: The individual who rails on me behind my back is very seldom my enemy; the person who comes to me and tells me what he says, is.

The first I'll pardon, the latter forever is tabu—let his name be anathema. He is one who magnifies idle nothings and vacuous vaporings until they become noxious gases.

The man who talks gossip is a fool; but the one who repeats it is a rogue. Your friends are those who tell you the kind things that are said of you; your enemies are those who, in the holy name of friendship, come to you and poison your atmosphere by the other thing.

That plan of the king in the olden time who

killed the messenger that brought him bad news, has my approval. Blessed are the feet of those who bring GLAD TIDINGS

It Is a Great Thing to be a Man

Vance of Edmonton

AT Winnipeg a man came down from Edmonton to attend my lecture ❧ Edmonton is eight hundred miles from Winnipeg. It takes two days and a night to come, and the same to go back.

The man's name is Vance. He said he did n't want to miss the chance when I was so close. He was an Irishman. "Doubtless," I hear the merry chorus chime, "the Irish are such a fond, foolish and impulsive people!"

Vance arrived the day before the lecture so to make sure to secure a ticket and get accommodations at the hotel.

He had no trouble in getting his ticket, and was accommodated all right at the hotel.

An hour before the lecture was set to begin, Vance was there holding down a front seat ❧ The church seats twelve hundred—only eight

hundred were at the lecture. ¶ Many people in Winnipeg did not go.

Vance was amazed at sight of empty pews. He thought it stood for Winnipeg empty heads. I tried to tell him that Winnipeg people in point of intelligence were far above the average—that people interested in advanced thought were very few—and that if one's virtue consisted in outstripping popularity, it was quite absurd to expect to be popular.

He could not quite see it.

Vance came eight hundred miles to see me, and some day I'll go eight hundred miles to see him. But no matter how far Vance travels, he'll never find a man any finer than he sees when he looks into a mirror.

He is a type that is peculiar, unique, strange, but well defined—an honest, simple and direct man. Vance is six feet tall and weighs over two hundred pounds ✍ All of his forty odd and strange years have been spent in lumber camps, rafting on rivers, on the plains, far from so-called centers of civilization. All the seamy side of life to him is familiar, yet his soul has never been seared with pitch. He is so truthful, unaffected

and sincere, that he commands the earnest respect of every one he meets. It never occurs to him to lie.

The size of the man may help a little, not to mention his big, homely Irish mug.

Vance has had time to read and time to think. Not only has he read books, but he has committed them to memory. Give him the first line of any of Byron's poems, and if you don't look out, he will give you the rest. He knows his Shakespeare; has read Browning enough to dislike him; dotes on Reedy; loves Tom Moore; revels in Stevenson; takes a shy at Burton; reverences the Mosher books. He talks to you solemnly of the "Big Five"—Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer and Alfred Russel Wallace. "Travels in Malay" by Wallace is to him a textbook. Ingersoll he regards as a trifle flippant—he has lived so much within himself he does not joke. Thomas Paine he admires, as he does Hume, Buckle, Haeckel and Lecky.

When Vance talks it is in a slow, measured monotone. He weighs his words; speaks with precision, but with great courtesy and deference. He is a good listener, yet when you take his

measure, you prefer to hear him. ¶ With Vance was a Scotchman, by the name of MacDonald, (of course), well turned seventy, who had spent thirty years as agent for the Hudson Bay Company in the North.

These men had met on a literary basis—they both loved Robert Louis and read *Little Journeys*. Each had worked out in his own mind a clear-cut scheme of philosophy, a well-defined idea of right and wrong.

The thirty years with the aborigines had not deprived MacDonald of his burr, which was as ripe and choice a specimen as you can hear in Glasgow. But he, too, had grown silent by nature, and had taken on a good deal of the Indian reserve. Between many lightings of his pipe and long pauses MacDonald told us this story, as we sat in my room after the lecture. I have too much respect for Vance's old friend to try to imitate his dialect. That is his own. But this is the story. Said the old man after a long, thoughtful pause: No, Indians are not bad people if you treat them about half right. They may be savages, but they are not as savage as white men. I never had a gun argument with an

Indian. He is a child by nature, and responds to kindness. It pays to tell the truth to children, and I may be wrong, but I believe in keeping faith with Indians. This was always my policy, and Indians for hundreds of miles around were my friends. They even told me their troubles, which is an unusual thing for an Indian to do.

¶The last few winters have been very severe, and my Indian friends have suffered greatly. Two squaws came into the Post last spring, just when the leaves had begun to come out. One had a papoose on her back, and with her was an eight-year-old girl. I remembered the year before when she came, her husband was with her, also a grown-up boy and several children beside. The squaws sat around all day and said nothing. I guessed they wanted to tell me something. At night they disappeared, but in the morning they came back and told me a tale of hardship that really melted my stony heart, used as I am to suffering.

Winter had set in early and the snows fell. This woman, with the grown-up boy who had just killed his first deer and therefore was a man, had laid in quite a stock of frozen rabbits, but

a wandering band of trappers coming along and needing food, she had given them all the rabbits. She was sure that her husband and boy could get more.

But the snows kept falling, and the winds blew and drifted the snow so that it was unsafe to leave the teepee. They had eaten the dogs, all save one old favorite.

The food was all gone, and after waiting two days the man and boy started forth to hunt. Not a track could be found, for the snow was falling and drifting beside.

They did not return, and during the night the dog came back alone. The mother left the children and went forth following the dog to find her husband and boy. They had been famished for food and were overcome by the cold before they had gone a mile. The boy was dead, but the man was still alive. The woman carried and dragged him home.

Something must be done—she placed the man upon a toboggan, strapped the five-year-old child on top of him, and carrying the papoose on her back, and with the eight-year-old girl helping to pull the toboggan, she started for

her nearest neighbor's, ten miles away. All day she moved steadily forward. She arrived and entered the teepee of her friend. One glance told all—her neighbor was in even greater distress than herself, for all of her household were dead and the woman was alone, just ready to let the fire go out and lie down and sleep the long sleep. The woman who had just arrived killed the dog, and this kept them alive for a few days. But the man and the five-year-old child died, and the women, the papoose and the eight-year-old girl were alone. The snow ceased to fall, and they caught rabbits and ate bark for food.

At last spring arrived, and when the ice melted they came to the Post to tell me of their loss. There were no tears—just a plain recital of the facts. They wanted nothing, only that I should know. They did not even wish me to condole with them, for after telling me their tale, they disappeared in the forest and I sat there, dumb.



IN ORDER TO HAVE FRIENDS, YOU MUST BE ABLE TO DO WITHOUT THEM.

On Secret Societies

MYSTERY and miracle were born in Egypt. It was there that a system was evolved, backed up by the ruler, of religious fraud so colossal that modern deception looks like the bungling efforts of an amateur. The government, the army, the taxing power of the State were sworn to protect gigantic safes in which were hoarded—nothing. That is to say, nothing but the pretense, upon which cupidity and self-hypnotized credulity battened and fattened and borrowed money.

All institutions which thru mummery, strange acts, dress and ritual, affect to know and impart the inmost secrets of creation and ultimate destiny, had their rise in Egypt. In Egypt now are only graves, tombs, necropoles and silence. The priests there need no soldiery to keep their secrets safe. Ammon-Ra, who once ruled the universe, being finally exorcised by the sign of the cross, is now as dead as the mummies who once were men and upheld his undisputed sway.

¶ The Egyptians guarded their mysteries with jealous dread. We know their secret now. It is this: there are no mysteries.

That is the only secret upon which any secret society holds a caveat ✍ Wisdom cannot be corralled in gibberish and fettered in jargon. Knowledge is one thing, palaver another. The Greek-letter societies of our callow days still survive in bird's-eye, and next to these come the Elks who take theirs with seltzer and a smile, as a rare good joke, save that brotherhood and good fellowship are actually a saving salt.

Greek-letter societies are the rudimentary survivals of what was once an integral part of every college. Making dead languages optional was the last convulsive kick of the cadaver. All this mystery and mysticism were once official, and later on being discarded by the authorities, were continued by the students as a kind of prank.

¶ And now a good many colleges are placing the seal of their disapproval on secret societies among the students; and the day is near when the secret society will not be tolerated, either directly or indirectly, as a part of the education of youth. All this because the sophomoric mind

is prone to take its Greek-letter mysteries seriously and regard the college curriculum as a joke of the faculty.

If knowledge were to be gained by riding a goat, any petty cross-roads, with its lodge-room over the grocery, would contain a Herbert Spencer; the agrarian mossbacks would have wisdom by the scruff and detain knowledge with a tail-hold.

¶ There can be no secrets in life and morals, because Nature has provided that every beautiful thought you know and every precious sentiment you feel shall shine out of your face so that all who are great enough may see, know, understand, appreciate and appropriate. You keep things only by giving them away.

FIX NOT YOUR FAITH ON AN ABSENTEE GOD

Canned Philosophy

THEOLOGY is canned philosophy. It is supplied to the individual with the best success at adolescence, when glimmering intellect is in doubt; when an explanation of physical phenomena is demanded; when nerves are vibrating, and the person being in a

transition period, craves protection. ¶At this time, mysticism coupled with the religious rite of "confirmation" meets with a glad response from the vascillating, restless, feverish, uncertain condition of the novitiate.

Centuries of pious priestcraft have reduced the scheme to a science.

Formalized religions with their bells, responses, swinging censers, robes, processions, genuflections, and strange sights, sounds and smells, are well calculated to stampede reason and make cowards of us all.

These things were first worked out in the adolescence of the race, long before any definite knowledge of the actual world was considered either possible or desirable. Hence the warfare of religion with science. Science sets free, formal religion fetters.

A reasonable amount of superstition, to paraphrase our old friend David Harum, is desirable at a certain time in our evolution. The fairies fit the child-mind. They arouse imagination, and surely this animation is better than deadness, inertia and dumb indifference. So superstition has its use. Its danger lies in crystallizing it into

a dogma and teaching it as truth to grown-ups, forcing it upon humanity with injunction, threat and coercion.

Up to the time of Thomas Jefferson, religion and government were one, and even now, altho they are not legally wedded, they continue to have "relations." No candidate for the presidency dares express his honest belief. The church still uses the government to force canned philosophy upon us.

And yet I believe that most priests and preachers are honest men who think they are really serving humanity. When we get our living out of a thing, self-interest prompts us to defend it, and we believe that which is to our own interest to believe.

Jesus was a rebel against a formal, ossified religion. He had nothing to do with organizing a religious trust. The "Christian" religion had its rise in Egypt, Assyria and Chaldea. The customs and costumes of Babylon and Nineveh have come down to us, and are still perpetuated without a single patentable improvement. Jesus was dead and not able to defend His good name; and so His gentle philosophy of com-

bined protest and affirmation was seized and worked up into the prevailing pagan hash of superstition.

Now and then a so-called liberal arises and announces that he has discovered a formaldehyde that will disinfect, sweeten and freshen the mass, and he, too, is probably honest. His future, his fortune, his good name depend upon the success of the thing which he upholds, and so he maintains it even with his life. Martyrdom does not prove a thing true, any more than does success. Vice has always had a thousand martyrs to Virtue's one. The heroism and persistency shown by criminals in following their bent is admirable, were it not appalling.

Criminals have been trained by society, unknowingly, of course, to do this one thing, and so they cleave and cling to it, and "die in the harness." It is so with theology. The men trained to it can do nothing else, and so they clutch it and cling to it, declaring it the hope of the world and prophesy terrible things that will happen to a godless government. And the people to whom the canned philosophy has been fed, are used to it, and are unable to digest anything else. Our

minds like our bodies crave the accustomed ❧ So long as government and church were one, no thinker was safe. Treason and blasphemy were net and spear, always in waiting for the lives of those who failed to conform ❧ It was Jefferson who first fixed in a constitution the definition that treason should not consist in anything you might say or write. Treason now consists in armed war upon your country, or in giving aid and succor to its armed enemies ❧ Blasphemy now consists in speaking disrespectfully of another man's conception of the Deity. And this in America you have a perfect legal right to do.

And so it was Jefferson and Ingersoll who killed the ptomaines in theology—or at least filed their teeth. And now behold theology as a sawdust breakfast food, made palatable to the unthinking—educated and uneducated—thru a dash of morality and a sprinkling of sweet ethics ❧ Formal religion was organized for slaves; it offered them consolation which earth did not provide. Work for them offered no solace. To-day it is different: sensible people realize that the man who does not enjoy his work will never

enjoy anything. Work is our refuge and defense; and art is the expression of man's joy in his work ❧ ❧

If you have evolved to a point where you are able to make your work an art, you reach the sense of sublimity, or a realizing kinship with the Divine.

THERE IS NO DEVIL BUT FEAR!

Theology and Medicine

MARTIN LUTHER the German, John Calvin the Frenchman, and John Knox the Scotchman lived at the same time. They constitute a trinity of strong men who profoundly influenced their times; and the epoch they made was so important that we refer to it as "The Reformation." They form the undertow of that great tidal wave of reason, the Italian Renaissance. And as the chief business of the Hahnemanian School of Medicine was to dilute the dose of the Allopaths, and the Christian Scientists confirmed the Homeopaths in a belief in the beauties of the blank tablet, so did Luther,

Calvin and Knox neutralize the arrogance of Rome, and dilute the dose of despotism. Ernest Renan thought that Martin Luther put progress back five hundred years, "by effecting a compromise with the Catholic Church, supplying the people something just as good, at less cost." ¶ Yet the great Renan must have known that fanaticism is a disease of the mind, just as alcoholism is a disease of the body, and the rational cure for both is the diminishing dose. That is, you are weaned from one thing by the substitution of something less harmful.

The cure by violence and revulsion, sometimes works, but it is unreliable and often unsafe. ¶ Mankind can be released from the power of weakness only by slow degrees.

Christian Science has eliminated the doctor, reducing the rank of priest to that of reader, and thrown away the bell, candle, and curse, but it still finds it expedient, if not absolutely necessary, to have its "Book" and "Church." ¶ And behold one great Life Insurance Company has instructed its agents by circular thus: "Christian Scientists as a class are extra good risks and should be solicited." ¶ Then comes

Dr. Hughson Harding, the celebrated neurologist of London, and says, "Christian Science by lessening nerve-tension, and increasing the self-reliance of the patient, brings about a normal flow of the secretions, and thus doubtless increases the average length of human life in a very perceptible degree."

Renan's idea that humanity could have been jumped from the hypnotic dazzle of Rome into the clean, calm sunlight of reason at a bound, if Luther had not interposed "with something just as good," is not reasonable. Mankind must get used to the light by degrees.

And if Protestantism is "a compromise with truth," as Diderot and so many others have averred, let us just remember that life itself is a compromise, and that progress is only possible thru courteously giving the rights of the road and making way for vehicles, even though you do not exactly love the occupants nor admire their millinery.

NATURE intended that each animal should live to an age approximating five times the number of years which it takes to reach its

bodily maturity. Man reaches his height and maximum strength at twenty, and should therefore live to be a hundred.

The brain, being the last organ developed, and growing until man is past seventy, should sit secure and watch every organ decline. As it is, the brain, with over one-half of the individuals who live to be seventy, loses its power before the hands and feet, and death reaps something less than a man—all thru too much exercise for the brain, or not enough.

Glancing once more at Dr. Harding's remark, it is very evident that if the sum of human happiness can be increased, life will be much extended, and the danger of dying at the top obviated

Of all the mental and physical polluters of life, nothing exercises such a poisonous effect as fear. ¶ Fear paralyzes the will, and either stagnates the secretions or turns them loose in a torrent. ¶ Jealousy, cruelty, hate, revenge, are all forms of fear

Abolish fear, and every man and woman is an orator and an artist. The criminal and the untruthful person are obsessed by fear until

the genial current of their life is turned awry. A man, like a horse, is safe until he gets in the fell clutch of fear.

When the Shah of Persia was asked the average length of human life in his country, he replied, "Some die old, some die young—only God can tell how long anybody will live."

Luther died at sixty-three, Calvin at fifty-three and John Knox at fifty-seven. Luther and Knox were in prison, and Calvin only escaped by flight. All were under sentence of death; all lived under the ban of fear. And all preached a religion of fear. All were literally scared to death and all have literally scared to death thousands upon thousands of other people.

Now if you were asked what factor in human life had contributed most to fear, would you not be compelled in truth to say, theology?

Theology, by diverting the attention of men from this life to another, and by endeavoring to coerce all men into one religion, constantly preaching that this world is full of misery, but the next world would be beautiful—or not—as the case may be, has forced on men the thought of fear where otherwise there might

have been the happy abandon of nature. ¶Next to theology in point of harm, is medicine, which is the study of the abnormal, and the constantly iterated thought that the "family physician" was a necessary adjunct to life itself; which thought has bred in mankind the fallacy of looking to the doctor for relief from pain, instead of to ourselves. Should we not understand the Laws of Life sufficiently, so to be as well and as happy as birds and squirrels? The third great engine of human misery has been the law. Seventy per cent of the members of all our lawmaking bodies are lawyers. Very naturally lawyers in making laws favor laws that make lawyers a necessity. If this were not so, lawyers would not be human.

Until very recent times, and in degree I am told it is so yet, laws are for the subjection of the many and the upholding of the privileges of the few. The few employ a vast lobby, while all the many can do is to obey, or be ground into the mire. All the justice the plain people have, they have had to fight for, and what we get is a sop to keep us quiet. The law, for most people, is a great mysterious malevolent engine of wrath.

A legal summons will yet blanch the cheek of most honest men, and an officer at the door sends consternation into the family. The District Attorney prosecutes us—we must defend ourselves. "And if you have no money to hire a lawyer, you are adjudged guilty and for you justice is a by-word," says Luther Laflin Mills, the eminent lawyer.

And here is the argument: The fear of death, as taught by the clergy, the fear of disease, as fostered by the doctors, and the fear of the law, as disseminated by lawyers, have created a fog of fear that has permeated us like a miasma, and cut human life short one-third, causing the brain to reel and rock at a time when it should be the serene and steadfast pilot of our lives.

"What then," you ask, "Shall we go back to savagery?"

And my answer is, No, we must, and will, and are, going on, on to Enlightenment.



THOSE WHO LIVE BY THE HAMMER SHALL DIE BY THE HAMMER

The Gentle Art of Knocking

SATAN was once a man. Later he evolved into a God and dwelt in Paradise. There must have been a time when he was worthy of trust and affection, otherwise the Almighty would never have allowed him to enter Heaven.

But Satan was of a peculiar disposition. He had the "artistic temperament," which is to say, he was moody, irritable, fault-finding, and a good deal of the time idle. Instead of trying to remedy the weak points of Paradise, he merely pointed them out and harangued about them to all who would listen.

And Satan still finds mischief for idle hands to do. It was the same then—Satan would neither tune harps, launder the robes, nor polish the pavement which was made of gold and precious stones

It took a lot of labor and a deal of skill to set these paving stones, but while the workers were at it, Satan would sit on the curb and make sport

of them. When the Almighty came around to see how things were getting along, Satan would whisper unkind things about Him after He had passed, and kick about how severe He was in discipline

The Almighty warned Satan from time to time to get busy, but his answer was, "I am!"

"Sure enough," replied the Almighty, "but at the wrong thing."

They tried to get Satan to lead the Choral Society and break in the new arrivals, some of whom sang slightly off-key.

"I teach those jays? Why they have no voice —they only have a disease. You should never have let them in—what this place needs is a new gatekeeper who has nerve with him, and can direct the wrong applicant where to go! No, I 'll not lead your orchestra; and anyway, I am drilling a little class of my own and have no time: I am organizing an Anvil Chorus."

It was no use—Satan would not do what he was told. He always knew a better way, and he sneered at every plan for a heavenly betterment that he did not himself suggest. And he suggested precious few, and these he could not

carry out. ¶There was only one thing that interested him and that was the Anvil Chorus. When the saints sang Hallelujahs, Satan would start up his favorite instrument and pound. He was n't industrious in anything but knocking. ¶Finally he had gotten so many people believing that the anvil was really sweeter than the harp, that the Almighty lost patience.

And when it was discovered that Satan had started a factory to make hammer-handles, the Almighty decided to fire him bodily.

So the word was passed along, and the saints quietly tucked their robes in their belts and made a rush for Mister Satan and his band of Knockers

It was soon over. Satan was shot out of Heaven like a rubber ball from a wooden cannon.

Milton says he fell for two weeks.

When he finally reached earth he called himself the D'Evil, and boasted of being a prince —a dispossessed prince.

He would never have been so proud if the theologians had not paid him so much attention

The preachers, while publicly warning their flocks to shun him, were secretly hobnobbing

with him a good deal of the time. ¶ Then the playwrights and poets admired him and secretly affected him, and wove him into literature, and all this tended to turn his head.

But now the preachers, for the most part, have denied him, and literature has cut his acquaintance. He is no longer popular. Where he is and what he does is nothing to us.

The Devil is a dead one.

MORAL: An idle god evolves into a devil.

IF ANYTHING IS SACRED, THE HUMAN BODY IS SACRED. AND IN MAN OR WOMAN, A CLEAN, STRONG, FIRM-FIBRED BODY IS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN THE MOST FASCINATING FACE.

In Re Muldoon

PROFESSOR WILLIAM MULDOON —Muldoon the Solid Man! Muldoon the champion wrestler of the world! I have taken a few falls out of him in days agone—in a literary way—and what I will now say, I will say.

Muldoon has been pronounced by competent judges a perfect physical specimen of manhood.

Not one man in a million can compare with him; and age, intelligence and physique considered, he probably is without a rival on earth.

He is exactly five feet ten, and weighs stripped, one hundred and eighty. He gives you a glimpse of Greece in the time of Pericles.

He has more dignity, more repose, more poise, than any man has expressed since Phidias modeled and Praxiteles carved.

He talks but little: he listens until the other man has talked himself out—his is a waiting game.

Knowing something of the traditions of the squared circle, you expect he will speak in a husky gutteral, and say, "I trun him down—see!"

But this man surprises you with a light, musical, exquisitely modulated voice that comes from resonant air chambers, and a throat without a flaw.

It is a voice whose whispered word can fill a room; a voice that can ring out a calvary command that can be heard for half a mile.

If needs be, it is a voice that could talk all day and never grow weak nor hoarse.

Muldoon has no suggestion of a foreign accent, and I will admit that a man by the name of Muldoon who has no brogue is a bit disappointing. Every action of the man implies reserve; everything he does is well within his limit.

When he sits he does not cross his legs, play the devil's tattoo with his hands, twirl his mustache, stroke his hair, scratch his nose, adjust his necktie, nor examine his finger-nails. He completes his toilet in his room.

Such control of nerves, such perfect self-possession, such absolute grace—clothed or stripped—gives hope that the spirit of Athens may yet to us return.

"I think," said Professor Muldoon to me, "I think my success—such as it is—as a trainer, has hinged on the fact that I have never worked for great muscular strength, simply for balance, or what you call mastery or control. Few men possess their bodies, rather the body bullies the mind all day long."

Please note the remark, and tell me if the colleges have n't something to learn from Muldoon. In fact, why does n't Harvard hire him?

And the answer is, the services of Muldoon are

not for sale, save as you go to him and become a part of his system.

MULDOON is rich, and he works now simply because he is wise and knows that no man can ever afford to be idle—that retiring on your laurels is death—unless you are working for new laurels. So Muldoon works at the task he likes, and in the way that pleases him

When a youth he began to train as a wrestler; he evolved an Idea, and this Idea is that the mind of a man should rule his body, that the body should obey the mind.

And after nearly fifty years of work in physical training, there is only one word which for him looms large, and that is the word OBEY.

Muldoon made his body obey, and he became perfectly ambidextrous Wrestling requires more science than boxing, and so he specialized on the mat instead of the gloves.

Then he took to training prize-fighters.

Members of the Society for Ethical Culture will recall that Muldoon trained Sullivan for his match with Kilrain, and acted as Sullivan's

second at the ringside. John gave the sedative to every man he met as long as he was trained by Muldoon.

For a time the Solid Man succeeded in making John L. obey, but finally John L. decided that in all the bright lexicon of words there is no such word as obedience. Then it was that John fell an easy prey to Corbett, who weighed thirty pounds less, but had his body under control, so that it was the ready and willing servant of his mind.

A little later, Muldoon traveled with Maurice Barrymore and played the part of Charles the Wrestler in "As You Like It," always giving a genuine exhibition for the ladies before Charles graciously allowed Orlando to win.

Next he posed in living pictures, and gave lectures on health in various colleges. Ten years ago he established his present "Olympia," five miles back in the hills from White Plains, New York.

Prize-fighters, wrestlers and athletes are no longer the object of Muldoon's solicitude; his raw stock are business men, artists, lawyers, preachers and doctors who have gone the pace.

¶ Muldoon has a system, a system never tried by any one else, and that never will be tried by any one else, because no other living man dare attempt it, knowing perfectly well it would fail

And if you know a thing is going to fail, it does. Muldoon's system is not founded on love, kindness and good cheer. These are all secondary, and while they do exist in his mind, they are kept carefully out of sight. The plan will die with him

THE key-note of the whole thing is obedience. It is necessary to subjugate the will of the patient. Paradoxically, you have to kill a man's will in order to build it up.

The whip-method of breaking horses is along the same line. The trainer goes into the box stall with a whip and terrorizes the animal until he absolutely submits, and yet the horse is never struck

Muldoon is cruel only as Nature is cruel—you obey Nature, co-operate with her and you find that she is kind. Obedience to Nature brings you everything you need, mental, spiritual,

physical. Obey Muldoon and cease butting-in with your stub-end of a will and you succeed. The only way you can get the start of Muldoon is to obey him. To obey requires will power.

The average man's body has never learned to obey. It is slothful, lazy, slipshod, domineering, indifferent, disrespectful to his mind.

A man may have a creative intellect, and yet his body be a very wretch of a body, that gorges itself with bad food, swills strange drinks, refuses to go to bed at night, and declines to get up in the morning, wooing persistently the means of debility and disease.

A great poet may be swag-bellied, blear-eyed and have title to a slouching, willful, erratic, untrained digestive tract. The man has never forced his body to acquire good habits thru the law of obedience, and after years of bodily back-talk, things reach a point where this hoodlum of a physical cosmos is going down and dragging the mind with it.

As long as the man can do business, he submits to being bullied by his body. All sorts of vicious habits grow up unrebuked. The body demands cigars, cigarettes, stimulants, strange dishes,

novel sights, smells, sounds and sensations, and the mind of the man is powerless, being dragged hither and yon by this willful restless beast, which often grows more gross and inefficient and full of twitchings, twists and pain as the mind evolves, develops and refines. Thought goes on, and the man may do big work, but some day the hand that reaches for the salt picks up the pepper, and the tongue that would say "pepper," says "salt."

The nerve-specialist is here called in, scowls, coughs, takes an owl-like look, and explains that it is incipient locomotor ataxia, with aphasia as a side line, all caused through poisoning of the system by uric acid—say, call it Bright's Disease and Nerv. Pros.

If the patient knows enough, as he probably does not, he goes to Muldoon and is born again. But probably he takes to dope and drugs and dies inside of two years. Or he may haunt Hot Springs and the sanitariums, and by baths and massage stand the reaper off for five years.

Tuberculosis is a disease of the will ✍ If a stronger will can be found that will take charge of the other man's body at the critical time, and

force right breathing, eating and exercise on the patient, he will get well. Left to himself he succumbs to inertia or a lazy habit of body, the air cells of the lungs collapse and the man dies. Muldoon says that all diseases are the result of lack of will. He simply takes charge of the man's body. His one request is that the man abdicate his own will and obey. So difficult is obedience to the average so-called successful man, that one out of three of the patients who go to Muldoon leave him inside of two days, forfeiting their first weekly payment of sixty dollars.

If Muldoon has an opportunity of seeing the discouraged and disgruntled man before he goes, he presents the card of a local undertaker at White Plains, wishes him good luck in purgatory and sends personal regards to Mephisto. Those who stick it out for three days under Muldoon's treatment, remain from three to six weeks, and get well. There may be exceptions, but this is the general rule.

MULDOON'S treatment goes under the general term of "dope," and the formula is about as follows:

You arrive at the long, plain, Quaker-gray shingled house on the hill, after a pleasant drive of an hour from the station at White Plains ✍ ✍

Muldoon receives you with the quiet dignity of a Chesterfield. You are impressed by the man, only you wish he would thaw out and sympathize with you. Later you ascertain that Muldoon does not effuse over anybody, even over a member of the Supreme Court of the United States.

In five minutes Muldoon's quick eyes have looked you over and he has decided that you have enough vitality to build on—parties in wheeled chairs or those requiring surgical treatment never find Muldoon at home.

So you are accepted. You are gently told that you cannot have any visitors, either doctors or laymen, and that books, medicine and stimulants are tabu. The suggestion seems a trifle curt, but you submit, and then and there bid your friends good-bye.

You watch their carriage as it slowly circles down the hill, and is lost amid the towering elms ✍ ✍

The first move is to interview the secretary—he being the only person in sight.

You pay the genial young man your first week's board of sixty dollars: this advance payment being a part of the dope, a necessary psychological item in the work of regeneration.

You are given a heavy woolen sweater, a gray pair of gymnasium trousers and a pair of felt slippers. Then you are shown to your room and told to put on this suit and go below where the Professor will see you.

Your room is furnished with a little table, one chair, and a small iron bed. All toilet requisites are noticeable by their absence. The room looks like a cell, save that there are two open doors, one opening right out-of-doors and the other leading to the hall that runs the length of the building. These rooms, you learn, are known as "kennels." You note that there are no locks nor bolts on the doors, and if you are a cosmic, it comes to you that the insignificant matter of ventilation evidently is not in the hands of the occupant ❧ ❧

You sit down on the bed and think about nothing in particular, rather enjoying the view out

of the open door, listening to the drowsy hum of bees, and the summer wind in the locusts ❧ You have about concluded to lie down on the little bed and take a nap, when an athletic youth in a sweater puts his head in the door and says, "The Professor is waiting for you." And then adds half confidentially, "It's all right if you mind him, but you ought to have changed your clothes at once and not lingered here."

You murmur excuses and get into the convict's clothes in less time than you usually take to dress. You look about for a mirror to ascertain how frightful you appear. No mirror is to be seen ❧ ❧

You go down stairs and enter the gymnasium. The Professor is there in gym dress, putting a class of a dozen thru a course of callisthenics. ¶ Then occurs exactly what occurred when Chauncey M. Depew entered the same room under like conditions six weeks before.

The senator was yellow; there were dark baggy lines under his eyes, but the gymnasium dress into which he had packed his senatorial person offered an excuse for art. He approached the Professor and proffered a small pliocene pleas-

antry. The Professor replied, "Sir, sit down," in a low, clear, distinct tone.

Depew's punning proclivity vanished. He had really expected that the Professor would slap his thigh and roar, as people in civilization were wont when the nectarine spoke, or at least smile and ask after things down in Washington. And all the Professor said was, "Sir, sit down," and went right along with his callisthenics.

"Right foot—left foot—right arm—left—up, back, down, over, out—neck to the left!"

The Senator moved over to the window, looked out, strolled down to the end of the gym. The class was working down that way, too.

"Sir, sit down!" suddenly calls the voice of the Professor

The Senator is sure the voice is not for him, no one had ever spoken to him like that. He still strolls

Now comes the third order with the Professor walking toward him, "Mr. Depew, sit down!" pointing to a seat along the wall.

The Senator is startled, then he half laughs as it comes to him that it is a joke, and he replies, "Oh, I prefer to stand, thank you."

The fourth time the order rings out and Depew realizes that it is no joke. He jumps, shivers and stammers, "Well, I would have you know that I am a gentleman, and am used to associating with gentlemen & You evidently do not know me—I am Senator Depew."

"I know," says Muldoon with exasperating coolness, "I know you, but evidently you do not know me. You seemingly have come here to give an after-dinner speech, to present a lecture on Delsarte, or to favor me with lessons in etiquette—SIT DOWN!"

This time the order comes like a knock-down blow, and Depew sinks upon the seat and sits there dazed like a boy awaiting punishment for stealing jam from a high shelf.

The Professor calmly continues his work with the class for five minutes, and then orders Depew upon the floor and motions him his place in the line.

"Hands straight up!"

Depew puts his out in front.

"Hands straight up!" rings out the order for the second time. Depew makes haste to comply.

¶ The work is really quite moderate, but the newcomer thinks it is severe, and is greatly relieved when in half an hour the order is given, "To the shower-bath!"

Arriving there, all disrobe save the Senator, but when the stern order is given to "Get into the game," he begins to struggle with his sweater and is soon in the gentle guise of Correggio's cherubim.

Men in gym suits are all on an equality. Carlyle said, "A naked House of Lords would inspire no awe," but all he meant was that a Senator under a shower-bath would command no senatorial courtesy.

A rough towel is tossed to each man and Depew is simply told to "Get busy!"

And he does, for it has dawned upon him that safety lies either in flight or obedience.

Supper comes and after that there is a long stroll across the meadow, over the hills and back thru the woods, along the country road.

¶ The western sky is colored deep with red where the sun has gone down. Over across the moor, a half mile away, the white mist is gathering. The summer night closes down, and the

distant woods turn to purple patches. ¶ The strolling party reach the long, low house on the hill-top, just as the clock in the kitchen is striking nine.

The Senator is told he can go to bed. No order is required. He finds his room, undresses without a light, puts on a woolen night-robe that he finds on the bedpost and tumbles into bed, subdued, tired and a bit resentful.

He has decided to go home on the morrow—the system is too severe. But before he can really formulate his plans he is asleep, lulled by the lowing of distant cattle.

SIX o'clock!" It is the mild voice of the athletic attendant.

At six-ten the attendant once more calls, this time in a chest-tone.

At six-fifteen, he returns with a bucket of water, that he is told to douse on the victim of Mrs. Morpheus without ruth. It is not necessary, the victim is cosmic, and struggles out on the floor, making a dive for duds.

"Sleep is a privilege," says Muldoon, "and when this truth is once fixed in a man's mind,

he gets busy pounding his ear the instant he gets a chance."

Insomnia never comes to a man who has to get up exactly at six o'clock. Insomnia troubles only those who can sleep any time.

People who live on the banks of the Ganges never bathe, because they can bathe any time.

¶ To go to bed at a certain hour and to get up at a certain hour means the cultivation of a habit of the body. This habit puts you to bed, tucks you in, and softly sings you a lullaby that closes down your eyelids, bidding dull care begone

Muldoon holds that it is just as necessary to get up in the morning as to go to bed at night.

DOWN below, the twenty-four men have gathered—for be it known that Muldoon takes one score and four, and no more. There are light callisthenics, a march of a half mile and back, then the shower-bath.

All this with great deliberation. The victims are given bathrobes, and told to go up-stairs, and clothe them in their right minds and citizens' clothes.

Muldoon is a great believer in the psychology of duds. When we eat we should dress like gentlemen, just as if we were to meet expected guests. The act of dressing and undressing tends to stop brooding, and masticating the mental limit. The late Dr. Maurice Bucke once told me that he had blocked a fit of hysteria in a woman, by asking her to go and change her dress, and do up her hair, because he wanted her to meet a certain man from New York who was coming to tea.

Muldoon says the gym dress is only valuable as you discard it for clean, dainty linen, and appear before the world a new man. You get dirty in order that you may get clean, but to get dirty and stay so is no virtue. But people who are always clean are not much better than the other kind.

And note you this, Muldoon trains with his trainers. All that he asks them to do, he does. He himself, is an immaculate dresser, without being extravagant. But he believes in a clean collar, cuffs, a fresh handkerchief and dental floss

Breakfast comes after the gentle work, the

bath, and the getting ready, as a gift of the gods. It is a simple meal of fruit, toast, poached eggs, and just one cup of coffee. I noticed that every man polished his plate, but no one asked for more

Muldoon sits at the server's table in the middle of the room, and each plate is filled under his immediate watchful eye. Without being fussy, he yet knows exactly what every man is doing —all of the time.

The eating is done with great deliberation. After breakfast, there is rest for just an hour, and then the word is passed, "Boots and saddles!"

You get into your riding clothes, and go to the barn a quarter of a mile away. If you are a horseman, your animal is simply pointed out, but if the work is new, you are shown how.

Horseback riding is always a scientific treatment for the neurotic. He forgets himself in holding on—and most of Muldoon's horses, I saw, were selected with the idea of preventing introspection in the rider. It is a slow ride of two hours and a half. Occasionally, at the hills, you dismount and lead your horse.

One little pleasantry is occasionally indulged in when there are raw recruits who are prone to be gay. You leave your horses in charge of a groom and walk down a hill through the woods to get a drink at a famous medicinal spring.

When you get back to the road, not a horse is in sight—they have broken loose and gone home. ¶ It is five miles to quarters—my God! or words to that effect.

Here the stout men, new to the work, begin to plead, to beg, to swear—the veterans laugh and start off on foot.

When you get home it is strip again and a bath; then citizens' clothes and dinner.

After dinner there is a lolling time of an hour; then "the stroll," a long slow walk, over the meadow, through the woods, across the creek. ¶ Supper comes with the novitiate hungry as a bear, and tired. Exhaustion is something else. ¶ Then it is that the deserters desert. They bribe a stable man to take them back to town —in a wheelbarrow—any way. The work is killing—Muldoon is a tyrant!

But if they remain two days, they stay two more, and then Nature begins to play through them.

Tired, lame, sore, stupid—yes, but it is a delicious stupidity, not one of fear and cold feet. It is just a don't-give-a-dam-feeling.

A certain amount of physical exercise excites mentality; follow up your out-door work, and mind hibernates. Exercise is an investment—you expend the energy only that you may get back more energy. You spend a hundred dollars to get back one hundred and fifty.

All this physical work is to get your body where it can rest and absorb.

The body is a storage battery—in order to replenish its cells with potential energy, you have to get it in a state of rest. This condition of perfect rest comes best after slow, moderate exercise in the open air.

Muldoon simply carries his men over the hill to a point where they are so tired they can rest and absorb. He knows exactly what he is doing—he nearly kills them, but strangely enough, none die on the premises. Those only die who lack the will to allow him to use his will to amend theirs, and these of course are the deserters.

¶ It is so much easier to swallow something out of a bottle, and hire a man to give you massage.

¶ But everything costs—if you would have health, cultivate your will and expend energy. We know enough, and if we only had the will to methodize our lives, we could all live a hundred years, unless run over by a benzine buggy. As it is, for lack of will and lack of a Muldoon, we die just when we should be getting ready to live. Great is Muldoon, trainer of men!

Help Yourself by Helping Others

The Down-and-Outer

LITTLE hotels often feature their clerks. Small tailors proudly put forth their cutters. But a big business is built by many earnest men working together for one common end and aim. It is planned by one man, but is carried forward by many.

A steamship is manned by a crew, and no one particular sailor is necessary. You can replace any man in the engine room of the Furst Bismarck, and she will cross the ocean in less than six days, just the same.

In an enterprise that amounts to anything, all transactions should be in the name of the firm,

because the firm is more than any person connected with it. Clerks or salesmen who have private letter-heads, and ask customers to send letters to them personally, are on the wrong track ✍ ✍

To lose your identity in the business is one of the penalties of working for a great institution. Don't protest—it is no new thing—all big concerns are confronted by the same situation—Get in line! It is a necessity.

If you want to do business individually and in your own name, stay in the country or do business for yourself. Peanut stands are individualistic; when the peanut man goes, the stand also croaks. Successful corporations are something else ✍ ✍

Of course the excuse is that if you send me the order direct, I, knowing you and your needs, can take much better care of your wants than that despised and intangible thing, "the house." Besides, sending it thru the Circumlocution Office takes time.

There is something more to say ✍ First, long experience has shown that "the saving of time" is exceedingly problematic. For while in some

instances a rush order can be gotten off the same night by sending it to an individual, yet when your individual has gone fishing, is at the ball game, or is sick, or else given up his job and gone with the opposition house, there are great and vexatious delays, dire confusions and a strain on vocabularies.

This thing of a salesman carrying his trade with him, and considering the customers of the house his personal property, is the thought of only 2x4 men. A house must have a certain fixed policy —a reputation for square dealing—otherwise it could not exist at all. It could not even give steady work and good pay to the men who think it would be only a hole in the ground without them.

In the main, the policy of the house is right. Don't acquire the habit of butting in with your stub-end of a will in opposition to the general policy of the house. To help yourself, get in line with your house, stand by it, take pride in it, respect it, uphold it, and regard its interests as yours. The men who do this become the only ones who are really necessary. They are the Top-notchers—Hundred-pointers. The worst

about the other plan is that it ruins the man who undertakes it. For a little while, to do a business of your own in the shadow of the big one, is beautiful—presents come, personal letters, invitations, favors, is Mr. Johnson in! By and by Johnson gets chesty; he resents it when other salesmen wait on his customers or look after his mail. He begins to plot for personal gain, and the first thing you know he is a plain grafter, at loggerheads with his colleagues, with the interests of the house secondary to his own.

¶ We must grow towards the house, and with it, not away from it. Any policy which lays an employee open to temptation, or tends to turn his head, causing him to lose sight of his own best interests, seizing at a small present betterment and losing the great advantage of a life's business, is bad. The open cash-drawer, valuable goods lying around not recorded or inventoried, free and easy responsibility, good enough plans, and let-'er-go policies, all tend to ruin men just as surely as do cigarettes, booze, pasteboard and the races.

The man who thinks he owns "his trade," and threatens to walk out and take other employees

and customers with him, is slated to have his dream come true. The manager gives in—the individualist is then sure he is right—the enlarged ego grows, and some day, the house simply takes his word for it, and out he goes. The down-and-outer heads off his mail at the post-office, and for some weeks embarrasses customers, delays trade and more or less confuses system, but a month or two smooths things out, and he is forgotten absolutely. The steamship plows right along.

Our egotist gets a new job, only to do it all over again if he can. This kind of a man seldom learns. When he gets a job, he soon begins to correspond with rival firms for a better one, with intent to take his "good-will" along.

The blame should go back to the first firm where he was employed, that allowed him a private letter-head, and let him get filled with the fallacy that he was doing business on his own account, thus losing sight of the great truth that we win thru co-operation and not thru segregation or separation. The firm's interests are yours; if you think otherwise, you are already on the slide.

The only man who should be given full swing and unlimited power is the one who can neither resign nor run away when the crash comes, but who has to stick and face the deficit, and shoulder the disgrace of failure. All who feel free to hike whenever the weather gets thick would do well to get in line with the policy of the house. ¶ The weak point in Marxian Socialism is that it plans to divide benefits, but does not say who shall take care of deficits. It relieves everybody of the responsibility of failure and defeat. And just remember this, unless somebody assumes the responsibility of defeat there will be no benefits to distribute. Also this, that the man who is big enough to be a Somebody is also willing to be a nobody.

EVERYBODY SHOULD REMEMBER TO FORGET

Jealousy a Disease

ON the railroad station platform at Ashtabula the other day, a Division Superintendent in the employ of the "Lake Shore," asked me, "Do you know the cause of most railway accidents?" "What

causes most accidents? Why, the disobedience of orders," I answered.

"No, it is domestic infelicity. You say, 'disobedience of orders,' and this is partially right, but the cause lies deeper. Why should a railway employee disobey orders? Why should an engineer run past the station when he is ordered to stop? It is his own life he endangers most. Why should a train-despatcher send out two trains facing each other at the same time on one track? Or why does a switch-tender throw a switch right in front of a fast express?

"People call these things accidents, but that is not the word—they are the result of mental conditions. And it is for the General Manager to be on the lookout for these conditions and every good railroad manager now is. Do you remember when two passenger-trains met head on, out in Indiana, last year? The engineer of one of these trains had in his pocket an order to take the side-track at a certain station. He ran by that station at fifty miles an hour, and in five minutes there was a crash that snuffed out fifty-four lives and two hundred thousand dollars' worth of property.

"I knew the engineer. Let us call him Hank Bristol, for that was n't his name. He was married to a smashing, dashing, beautiful creature, and they boarded at a hotel—had no children. I boarded there, too, and we all made eyes at Hank's dashing wife. She used to play the piano and sing a little, and recite. The love of one plain, honest man was not enough for her—she craved the admiration of the clever. She was n't a bad woman, just an idle one who spent every spare cent Hank made on finery, and who of course, wanted the finery and herself to be admired. Hank was proud of her, too. One evening he kissed the dear woman good-bye and started out to make a night run. He went out to the roundhouse and at the last moment the Old Man decided to save Hank back and let him take out a special carrying the President and Directors of the road in the morning. Hank was tickled—it was a great compliment to him. He went home to tell his wife; he used to tell her everything.

"But when he got home, she was n't there—she had gone to the theatre with a boot and shoe drummer from Chicago.

"Hank went away and walked the streets till morning—his wife never knew, and I believe she doesn't yet. He walked the streets all night and ran out the special in the morning.

"But after that he was never the same. He used to confide in me—he just had to tell some one to keep his heart from bursting with suppressed grief

"He grew absent-minded, lost flesh, appetite was gone, was nervous—the doctor said he should quit coffee and cut out half the tobacco.

¶"I knew what was the matter—he was jealous. I told him so—and he laughed a laugh that gave me goose-flesh. 'I jealous? Why, Bill, you don't know me—I jealous? The idea!' No, I'm only mad at myself, Bill, because I'm married to a damn fool of a woman, who makes my heart eat itself out with grief because she lives on the fringe of folly. Why don't I leave her! My God! Bill, that is the trouble—I can't—I love her!'

"Hank did n't work on our road or I'd never have let him touch a throttle, no, not even if he'd been my brother. I knew it would come. He was found under his engine, the order that he had disobeyed in his pocket, and a picture

in his watch of the woman that had caused the disaster. No, it probably has never dawned on this woman that she caused the wreck. She wore deep mourning and the cutest little black bonnet with a white ruche. She was the most fetching widow you ever saw and she knew it without being told.

"Yes, that is what I said—marital infelicity is responsible for the railroad wrecks, and causes most of the others, too.

"The only safe man is the one whose heart is at rest—who has a home, and a wife who stays there and minds her business, looks after the babies, has no secrets, and does not make eyes at other men—that's the kind! I know every man who works for me, and I know a disturbed, distressed and jealous man a train length away. My heart bleeds for 'em, but I serve the public, and none such can run an engine for me.

"Do you see that man in the blue overalls down there at the end of the platform? Well, he is the engineer who will take out this train. See how calm, satisfied and self-possessed he is; he has no cares, no anxieties beyond the desire to do his work well. He is not so awfully brilliant, but

he will never disappoint you. Now, when we start, about two miles out, you will hear the engine give three soft toots, and over to the left, a little woman will come out of a white cottage and wave her apron."

The conductor then called, "All aboard!" The bell clanged warningly—we stepped into the coach, and the train started. We had now reached the outskirts of the town, and were skimming along at the rate of thirty miles an hour

The engine gave three soft, short toots, and I saw the white cottage, a woman standing on the back porch, with children holding on her skirts all 'round—she was waving a big check apron!

"What did I tell you?" asked the Superintendent—"rest reigns in that man's heart—he will never forget an order—his mind is free, so he does his work! He is at peace with himself, and at peace with the world."

I am going to write a little here on the subject of jealousy. There is only one kind of jealousy, and that is Sex Jealousy. People often use the word when the thing they refer to is covetous-

ness. We may covet a man's talent, or his possessions, or we may dislike a person—conceiving against him a prejudice and thus belittle him; but jealousy is another matter. Jealousy is not the exclusive possession of the highly organized, nor the extremely sensitive, nor the irritable, nor the weak. The fact is, the strongest natures are more given to jealousy than the weaker ones, and the most patient man may manifest the disease in its most virulent form. Shakespeare, who knew the human heart as no other writer ever has, gives us a picture of jealousy. The play of Othello is simply a portrayal of this passion. And the man Othello is surely not a man afflicted with "nerves"—he is a great, serene, and self-sufficient personality. He is healthy, honest, trustful, truthful, and filled with a childlike confidence.

But Othello is a man—a strong, well-sexed man. Beware how you arouse such a one!

Othello's intellect was no match for the cold, calculating brain of Iago, and he was played upon by this plotting, soulless knave until his love for Desdemona was curdled into hate, and he killed that which, in all the world, he loved

best. ¶ Only the strongly sexed are ever jealous. Weak natures are indifferent—they transfer affection easily—there is n't much to bestow—the change is easily effected, and the past forgotten. But the strong give themselves, and the bonds they make are fastened to their souls with hoops of steel. Love, to such, is no light matter.

Jealousy seems the absolute reversal of love. It is the swinging from the sunny warmth of the equator to the frigid cold of the north pole. I once saw a woman in a ballroom, calmly seated and chatting pleasantly, her face aglow with good-will and the genial warmth of life. A waltz was being played, and the couples glided past us in mazy, dreamy rhythm.

"How beautiful it all is," she said to me.

And as she said the words, two dancers swung by in close embrace, evidently conversing, their faces near together.

The woman talking to me started to rise, but sank back. The color faded away from her lips, her eyes changed their hue, the eyeballs seemed glazed, her breath came in hot, feverish gasps. I spoke to her, and she started, absent-mindedly,

but did not hear what I said. Over her fine face came a look of abject woe. An awful pain was clutching at her heart; and she tried to hide her anguish with a smile, but the smile was only a grimace, a sorrowful substitute, and it seemed to freeze upon her face, Medusa-like.

"Call my carriage—I am ill," she said huskily. Later, I learned that the woman had reached her home, gone to her room, locked the door, thrown herself upon the bed, and at seven o'clock the next morning had been found there, fully robed in all her ballroom finery, moaning and groaning, half delirious. She was undressed and put to bed by her maids, and a physician summoned.

"A kind of typhoid fever, caused by drinking impure water," said the doctor, and cited several other similar cases that had occurred in the neighborhood. It was fully six weeks before the woman was able to be out of her house again.

The jealous spasm that had come over the lady was caused by the sight of her husband dancing with a certain woman. He might dance with any other woman—but not that woman—he had promised he would not!

The sight stifled every generous emotion of her soul, and if she had had the power, she would have blasted the man and woman dead at her feet. Did she have any real "cause" for jealousy? I do not know—probably not. Othello had no cause for jealousy. Reasons light as air are, to the jealous, confirmation strong as Holy Writ. But the husband who caused his wife this awful pain might have been simply stupid and innocent; he might have been malicious and purposeful in his act; or he might have been guilty and indifferent. I do not know. All that I relate is the phenomena.

Some months ago, in Cincinnati, a colored sleeping-car porter was arrested for attempting to kill his wife. He was slashing her with a razor, and doubtless would have killed her had not help arrived at the minute. She was taken to the hospital, he to jail. The doctors said the woman could not live, and after binding up her wounds and making her as comfortable as possible, a notary was summoned to take the woman's ante-mortem testimony. And this was her statement: "My husband was jealous of me, and tried to kill me; but it was my fault—I pur-

posely made him jealous by pretending I loved another man. When I told him this, he became crazy—it was all my fault—bring him here, so I may know before I die that he has forgiven me."

The doctor in charge went to the police judge the next day and gave it as his opinion that if the prisoner was released and went to the hospital to help nurse the woman, she would recover; but if the man was punished and separated from the woman, she would certainly languish and die.

The judge decided to do an unjudicial thing, and released the prisoner on his own recognizance. The man went to the hospital, remained there as a helper to the nurses, and inside of a month he and the woman went away with the blessings and the good will of everybody in the place, happy—happier than ever before.

So much for a case where people of very lowly intellect are involved. They lived on the same plane and were mated. Let us now have an instance where one of the intellectual giants of the earth was concerned, and the woman one who was utterly out of his class.

When thirty-two years of age, Goethe had a misunderstanding with Charlotte von Stein, to whom he had written a daily love-letter for eleven years. He now very coldly made a bargain with the father of Christine Vulpius, that the girl should come and keep house for him. The girl, it seems, was not consulted. She was just twenty, and pink—an obliging, good-natured, strong, buxom country lass.

She took charge of Goethe's household, did what she was ordered to do, and was never in evidence unless he invited. The guests and callers never saw her.

After some months, when Goethe met Charlotte von Stein at a reception, and she coldly asked—"Ah, and how is the health of Miss Vulpius?" she probed the proud Goethe to the quick.

Goethe grew to be very fond of Christine—she was so obedient, so faithful, so loyal! She never thwarted her master, taunted him, nor annoyed him—she just served him. To be sure, she took no interest in his writings, and this was better than if she had been a little higher in the scale, and sought to rival him in literature.

But the day came when her father thought it would be better for her to have a husband than to be the mistress of a poet, and he brought a worthy yeoman of her own class to see her. The swain came to see Christine, and Goethe, the proud and dignified, who had never felt the pangs of jealousy, was stung and wrung and wounded to his heart's core. His appetite vanished—his nights were sleepless. The swain came back a second time, and Wolfgang Goethe threw him bodily into the street, causing him such a panic that he ran for his life, and never again returned.

After living with "Miss Vulpius" for twenty years, Goethe married her, "in order that their children might be legitimate." A man's acts are usually right, but his reasons seldom are. Goethe married this woman because he loved her, and he wished to prove it to her beyond the ghost of a doubt. To be sure, they lived in a different intellectual world, but there was another world in which they met as equals. Call their relationship base if you will—that question is not up for discussion at this time. Goethe was at times jealous of this woman—

she had grown to be a part of his life—she ministered to his well-being, and to secure her more fully to himself, he proclaimed to all the world that he had made her his legal wife.

I once heard Dr. James Bryce Howard, lecturer on Pathology at Bellevue, make a statement to the effect that cancer was caused by jealousy. His argument was something like this: Jealousy at once affects the circulation, and the emotion strikes at the organs of reproduction. In moments of good will, when the mind is calm, the circulation is complete, strong, natural; the secretions are active, the pores open, the glands do their perfect work. Let a spasm of hate and fear sweep over the person, and the heart thumps in wild alarm, and then dies down until you can scarcely detect its throb. The skin grows cold, the pores close, the secretions cease as though a sirocco of death had swept over the body. There is congestion in the parts, then fever, and Nature is working hard to restore an equilibrium. That is just the way cancer grows—there is a stoppage in the circulation, and Nature tries to clear it away by sending more blood to the part. This

increased nutrition causes a growth to form, and Nature, who works always according to general laws, not caring for the individual, kills the patient in an effort to cure him.

More women suffer from cancer than men, and three-fourths of all cases of cancer with women are in the mammal glands, or are connected directly with the sex organs. And in summing up the case the Doctor says: "Cancer is caused by misdirected or abnormal sex emotion. If we could bring about perfect love relations we could do away with cancer as well as most other diseases."

There is no form of woe that will cause a suffering so terrible as jealousy. It grows by what it feeds upon—a suspicion! Ah! it clutches for it, even though it knows it is poison. It lies in wait, it watches, it listens; and finding the proof it wants, suffers more than ever. It suffers if it finds proof, and suffers if it does n't.

For bodily pain, Nature is pitiful, and quickly sends insensibility. But for the woes of the heart there is only lingering torture—nights of tossing unrest, and days of lagging, leaden misery.

In bereavement by death there soon comes calm

and sweet peace, in thought of the virtues of the loved one gone. We consider and dwell upon the good that was in the dead, but in jealousy we think only of the worst in the living. It is a blasting, withering hate towards that which we love best. It corrodes the heart and makes the man hate himself. It forms a trinity of hate—hate for the woman he loves, hate for the suspected person, hate for himself.

That is why it stings so—the jealous person cannot justify himself. And so those who are most jealous always affirm they are not so at all, and scout the idea in hysterical emphasis. So far, the passion of jealousy has never been analyzed. Many men have written upon it, and all they attempt to do is to describe its manifestations. The cause of jealousy is never equal to the tragedy that tears and rends the soul, and so no cause is ever sufficient. To analyze it perfectly, we must perfectly comprehend the human heart, and this we can never do. Human nature, at last, remains the great riddle of God—contradiction and paradox confront us at every turn. And should we possibly come to know one soul, this gives no index to others, for in nature there

are no duplicates. ¶ Who can explain why a woman with a great and tender love for a man will at times tantalize him into a frenzy? Who can tell why the simple-hearted Moor, Othello, who loved the gentle Desdemona, should conceive such a hatred for her, prompted by a flimsy and groundless suspicion, that he takes her life? Where these insurrections of the heart are born that wreck and rend the souls of men, is to us unguessed—we simply do not know. Jealousy seems a sort of rudimentary savage instinct that has come down to us from a time when its manifestation was a violence that knew no restraint, but with tooth and claw struck its object dead, so only the strongest survived. But now we partially hold the savage hate in check, and jealousy, instead of hurting the other person, hurts worst the one who is jealous. We hug the hate and let it gnaw at our vitals, and poison all the well-springs of our life with its venom.

The cure is not easy, and only a person of heroic moral fiber can face the truth and bring philosophy to bear, to heal and cure. At first thought, indifference is the panacea—cease to

love at all—be a stoic—but this is to sink below jealousy, and not to rise above it.

To say that jealous people ought to separate, is trite; and it is true that people having totally different temperaments should not force their personal presence on each other to tantalize and taunt and make this earth a hell.

If that engineer could have separated from his wife, she gone her way and he his, he would in time have become indifferent to her, and she might have found a man she could love better. If she had lived two hundred miles away, he would not have cared who called upon her, or when she went to the theatre. But to see her daily—to live with her and yet know that she was living a life outside of his, stung him to the quick ❧ ❧

Had Christine Vulpius gone away and married a worthy peasant, Goethe would have wished her well, and sent presents to the children; but when she lived in his house, and was a part of his life, and was being courted by another man, Goethe grew furious and paced his room in pain and wrath. Separation is better than lingering death. But jealousy may possibly come to those

couples who really need each other. In it always is the element of dissatisfaction with self, and no pain and disappointment equals this—when we are disappointed with ourselves.

Yet very seldom are we quite honest and frank with ourselves; instead of laying the blame at home, we bestow it on another.

But let us be honest—the man who is jealous is himself to blame for the most part.

But even this knowledge does not mitigate the woe. This engineer thought that if he had only been a little more clever he might have filled the heart of his wife so she would not have cared for the admiration of other men. So his trouble was partially a dissatisfaction with himself ❧ And if at last she really was a hypocrite and a fool, why, he was a fool, too, for having married her. Goethe was far above Christine Vulpius in intellect, but he felt that he had failed to make her happy, else surely she would not have accepted another lover.

But concerning these tragedies of the heart, the wise man does not dogmatize. His heart throbs for all those who suffer. And in his own life he would not escape the pangs of disprized love by

loving less; rather does he love more. He seeks to send his love to all, and make it universal. That he concentrates his affection on certain ones more than others, may be true, but he fixes his thought upon the good that is in them, and waives all else.

Folly, dissipation, absurdity, extravagance, are all about us; but these things do not rend our souls, cause us sleepless nights, and turn the genial current of our lives awry ☙ Let us remember that we cannot afford to admit hate into our hearts—we are the ones who suffer—the wrong is not ours, and so we will not take it in. ¶ Each soul is a center in itself, and the mistakes of others—the follies of wife or child, husband or parent, are none of ours. We are individuals—we came into the world alone, we live alone, and we die alone; and we must be so girded 'round by right that no fault of another can touch us. God is on our side—nothing can harm us but ourselves. Let us make sure that we are right, and then the follies of others will pass us by unscathed. And above all, remember, it is not for us to punish. "Vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord."

GET THE STUDY HABIT AND YOU 'LL BE A MORE THAN MEDIOCRE PERSON

Foster of Scranton

ALL good Philistines who read their Collect closely will recall that Mr. Thomas J. Foster is one of the eight original members of the American Legion of Honor. Several persons have recently written to me asking who Mr. Foster is; a few have written inquiring what Judge Lindsey has done, and one gentleman unmuzzled his ignorance and inquired concerning the achievements of Thomas A. Edison. I have a long article on Edison which I expect to print soon, unless restrained by injunction. As for Lindsey, I may say something more about him, too, but just now the theme is Thomas J. Foster.

Along late in the eighties, Thomas J. Foster was editor of a daily newspaper at Shenandoah, Pa. He was a man in moderate circumstances, practically unknown, as he had not committed high crimes, and his field of usefulness had been confined to local circles. He had been a clerk, a storekeeper, a school-teacher, a printer and

then an editor. This natural evolution had come through the Study Habit, the microbe of which he had acquired in his young manhood.

In passing it may not be out of place to say that every man (and eke woman) is controlled by Habit. When Habits are young they are like lion cubs, easily managed, but later there comes a time when they manage you. Bad Habits may put you on the Avernus Jerkwater, No. 23, with a ticket one way to Nowhere.

Good Habits are mentors, guardian angels, and servants that regulate your sleep, your work, your thought. It is the Study Habit that distinguishes men. Once you get it, only death can take it from you—and perhaps even death can't. I really don't know!

Foster had acquired the Study Habit. He was nearly fifty, and if Oslerism is correct, was ripe for the ether cone. But wait: Foster had an Idea —all of his life had been leading up to this.

The Idea crystallized through a tragedy, and sometimes tragedy is a blessing, even though it may be purchased at a terrific cost.

It seems that a near and dear friend of Foster, a banker and manager of one of the big coal

companies, went into a coal-mine with several friends on a little tour of inspection.

Night came on and the party did not return. It was thought they had gone to a neighboring village, so messengers were sent out. The messengers returned with no tidings. The last seen of the men was when they were entering the mine

Several coal-miners had been made deathly sick through working in this same mine, and a dread superstition was abroad that the place was haunted. The miners refused to enter. So the editor headed the rescue party, first starting the air-pumps, and was lowered from the darkness of the night down into the blackness of the bowels of the earth.

He groped his way forward and ere long the flaring torches revealed the lifeless body of his friend where he had fallen, and another man on his back whom evidently he was attempting to rescue, when Death canceled his efforts. All were dead.

What killed the men? The miners who had worked all their lives in mines did not know—it was a noiseless, tasteless, odorless, mysteri-

ous something—that was all they knew. Some spoke of it as "the hand of God."

But Foster, the editor, knew what it was. He knew that every result was preceded by a cause; and that as soon as things are understood they cease to be either mysterious or miraculous ❧ These tragedies had been happening for years, only the victims were obscure persons, and others waiting for their jobs filled the gaps, and the saddened and desolated homes were soon forgotten. It is a busy world, my masters.

But now through the heart of theteditor ran a spasm of shame to think that society should allow the men who serve it to go on risking their lives in ignorance and peril.

He wrote a scathing editorial calling upon the citizens of the state to see to it that mine foremen should be educated sufficiently in a scientific way so as to safeguard the lives of their men ❧ ❧

This editorial, with several others like it, led to the passing of a law requiring that mine foremen should pass an examination in technical knowledge that would render their work reasonably safe.

This law at first seemed to work a decided hardship on many good men, some of whom did not have a sufficient education to fulfil the requirements; and the editor found himself strongly denounced. But instead of fighting his would-be enemies, he invited them to come to his office, as he had a proposition to make them. They came, and there he laid before them a plan—he would teach them. Yes, they could use his books, and he would explain the questions, the questions more dreaded than fire-damp. So the mine foremen met evenings at the editor's sanctum, and the miners with foreman ambitions came. Many of these strong men were appalled at long division and few could wrestle fractions, but the editor prepared easy lessons in leaflet form, and thru his patience and his love, terror fled. The lessons were really easy—everything is easy when you know how. The miners got their lessons and laughed to think they ever had a fear

Some of the miners lived ten miles or more away, and these prepared their "sums" or "examples" and sent them in by mail for correction

There was a "Miner's Column" in the editor's newspaper, and this spread the good work. In a year the Miners' Correspondence Course had spread all over Pennsylvania, and down into West Virginia and out to Ohio. It seemed to fill a need—men were being educated for their work, while at their work. Occasionally miners became foremen; foremen became superintendents. When government inspectors were wanted, "Foster's men" were always given first choice. The men who took up the Study Habit didn't have so much time to spend at the saloons. With their spare money they bought books. By the light of the evening lamp they worked at their lessons, often rocking the cradle at the same time—the mother busy at her housework. ¶ The editor's Idea was making head. The Idea itself was an old one—but its application was the work of the editor man. The Chautauqua was an inspiration to thousands, but it stopped with history and belles-lettres. To teach technology by mail seemed too much—we all supposed a teacher at our elbow was necessary, simply because we had always had a teacher at our elbow. We did not realize that the things

we work out by ourselves benefit us most. The Correspondence School plan gives the necessary assistance and inspiration to Home Study, and helps you to help yourself.

The Mining Course was a success, why not other lines of study as well? And Thomas J. Foster, the editor, surprised at the success of his Idea, transformed his newspaper business into a college and became the world's schoolmaster—a teacher who teaches by mail. His business is known as the International Correspondence Schools, of Scranton, Pa.

In fifteen years he has enrolled a million students. He has over two hundred separate courses of study, covering almost the entire field of art, textile, manual and commercial endeavor. His pupils are men and women of various ages in every walk of life. He enrolls more students every month than enter Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Dartmouth in a year.

One hundred and fifty railroad companies employ his services in teaching their workmen so to better safeguard the lives and property of their patrons. Many colleges co-operate with him and use his lesson leaves and text-

books. The United States Government has officially endorsed the work, and given preference in naval, engineering and electrical work to his students. He has the largest and best printing plant in the world. He utilizes a capital of four million dollars. One adult out of every twenty-seven in America is a student in the International Correspondence Schools.

RECENTLY I attended the Fifteenth anniversary of the I. C. S. Two thousand people were present from all over the world—mostly men connected with the Correspondence School work. There were formal exercises in a theatre, with much good music, and some good speaking, for did I not say I was there? Then we were conducted over ten acres of floor-space and were shown the inner workings of the Idea.

The teachers who handle the examination-papers are specialists, of course; they represent the principal colleges of the world, and while some of the best have diplomas only from the University of Hard Knocks, all have taken one or more courses in the I. C. S. The usefulness

of the Idea turns on organization—method. And the institution is certainly a monument to its founder. Order, cleanliness, quiet, beauty, light, ventilation, sanitation everywhere prevail. It all works like a Howard watch.

In the evening there was a banquet where were seated a thousand men; and five hundred ladies, envious and admiring, fluttered in the galleries. The use of a banquet is to break the social ice, so I am told.

Thirty-one men shone resplendent at the speakers table in full dress-suits; two were in citizens' clothes, one being your uncle and the other one John Mitchell.

John's pastorate is bigger than mine—four hundred thousand men place their destinies in his hands, and the happiness and welfare of about two million people are in his keeping. Half a million people read my stuff, but none follow my suggestions or accept my ideas as truth unless they wish.

John Mitchell's face shows care, and his sober, earnest ways tell of grave responsibilities. He is a distinguished man in appearance and manner. No man would ever approach him and ask,

"Sir, are you anybody in particular?" ¶ John Mitchell made the best speech of the Meeting. His voice is neither loud, high nor deep, but it is so finely modulated and so vibrant with feeling that it stills every buzzing whisper and carries conviction home. A very brave and manly man is John Mitchell. He has battles in front of him, for his barque is not yet in peaceful waters, but if he does as much in the next ten years as he has in the past, he 'll anchor for four years in the White House, if some of you fellows do not look out! He has made mistakes, they say, but I do not remember just what they are; yet when one thinks of the mobs he has faced in their fury, not to mention that five-days' fusillade of Wayne MacVeagh, you are astounded that he has not made more. Yet he was born in Illinois!

But here he sits, smiling, alert, poised, and when he arises to speak he does not cough, sputter, rant, harangue, scold, grope, nor apologize, but proceeds with a fine and very gentle reserve to speak of "the people whom I have the honor to serve." He chooses his words with care and marches them with pre-

cision, spacing each paragraph and packing each pause with feeling. He says just enough and sits down at a time when everybody wishes he would go on.

My seat happened to be between that of the Right Reverend Bishop Ethelbert Talbot of the Episcopal Church and the Right Reverend Bishop Holban of the Roman Catholic Church. Whether this peculiar seating-arrangement was the result of malice prepense, invidious and sinister, planned and perpetrated by J. D. Jones, Master of Ceremonies, or the work of the infallible dice, I cannot say. The genial toastmaster spoke of the "three bishops we have with us," and then referred to me as "The Bishop of all Outsiders." What the two sure-enough bishops might have done had I not been between them, no man can say, but as it was, amity and peace prevailed. Both bishops were charming—they had left their bishop's voices at home, and we conversed on the New Education and the Brotherhood of Man. Both read the Choice Stuff, and while I refrained from any reference to Torquemada, Savonarola, Pope Alexander, Borgia and Henry the Ate, they in turn had

only words of kindness for Goliath, and neither asked where East Aurora really is, nor called it "The Philippine Magazine." Outside of their official capacity bishops are absolutely unobjectionable.

Governor Pennypacker was present and made a telling speech, although the suggestion that he speak his speech, I prithee, into a phonograph and send the record by express, should have been followed. The Governor has a presence like an observant thumb, and when he begins to speak he simply clucks and gurgles like a graphophone gone wrong and pushes out a few falsetto notes in high C as an introduction. He is the homeliest man in America, excepting William Hawley Smith, and in point of pulchritude certainly pushes Hawley hard for first place. The caricatures of him are all quite complimentary. Yet when he gets a clutch on his think-apparatus, you are amazed and delighted to follow his wealth of allusion and the orderly procession of his thought ✍ But above all, Pennypacker is an honest man, and God knows there are not many of us.

Another great disappointment to me was S. S.

McClure, Limited, who strangely enough is n't, and who added to the joy of the occasion a few Irish bulls and some choice wit and eloquence. ¶ Col. Larned of West Point gave us a taste of his quality in a twenty-minute speech, wherein he cut the introduction, got the range, and talked right out of his heart, and therefore talked well. ¶ Dr. Shaefer, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, made next to John Mitchell the best speech of the evening. His theme was "The Practical Education," and ye who read THE PHILISTINE know the argument. It is not covered by copyright; I did not invent it, and of course I make no claim on Doctor Shaefer for royalties. Shaefer is one of the living educators of his day—a man with much good cheer, sympathy plus, receptive to new ideas, with a minimum amount of pedagogic frills and a maximum quantity of commonsense, a man who knows children because he loves them.

Now be it known this was a "dry banquet," and the first and only dry banquet where there were over a hundred guests that I ever attended, which speaks well for me—or not, all according to your point of view. There is an adage that a

dry banquet is like platonic love, and platonic love is like playing poker with Confederate money. Let the ribald ones pass! Do they not also tell us that you cannot run a first-class hotel without a bar?

Rodents! or words to that effect.

I have attended dozens of banquets, but at this one of the I. C. S. there was an atmosphere, and it was not an atmosphere of budge, booze and tales tinged with saffron and stories verging on gamboge.

The audience keys the speech of the speaker—it is all a collaboration. A Clover Club Banquet is a frumenti effervescence, a maudlin embrace between Wit and the Widow Clicquot, and the Widow, of course, comes off victorious, as widows ever do.

But here there was a keen, high, rarified, intellectual atmosphere. Every man who stood on his feet had to say something. The breath of Minerva ruled the place, not the fumes of Bacchus. And at the last what finer joy, next to putting salt on the tail of an idea, than to experience the fine intoxication that comes from having the idea served up skillfully on

the oratorical toast! ¶ The audience keys the atmosphere, and if you choose to say that the speaker keys the audience, I 'll not quarrel with you since every truth implies its contradiction. But on this occasion the wit, wisdom and spiritual fluidity of the event was supplied by Thomas J. Foster, the country editor who fifteen years ago conceived an Idea.

BE PATIENT WITH THE BOYS—YOU ARE DEALING WITH SOUL STUFF—DESTINY WAITS JUST AROUND THE CORNER.

How I Found My Brother

YOU see, it was about like this: I was 'leven years old, going on twelve. Our folks lived at the village of Hudson, McLean County, ten miles from Bloomington, which is in the State of Illinois. My father was a doctor, and being a country doctor did not roll in wealth any to speak of. In those days every one in Illinois was poor, no matter how much land he owned. However, we owned our farm, had four horses, five cows, a dozen pigs and a flock of hens.

There were always vegetables in the cellar, smoked meat in the wood-shed, and pickled beef in the kitchen. At the back door was a keg of soft soap. In the garret where I slept, in the winter the snow drifted cheerily in through the cracks and covered the buffalo robes that covered me. But I did n't lie awake thinking about it—country boys who work all day begin to pound their ear as soon as they hit the pillow. ¶ I was the only boy and you know what that is in a family where there are four big sisters! I had to make the garden, milk the cows, bring in wood and churn. Of course there was a lot of fun about it all—more than I knew of at the time. In the winter I hunted rabbits with an old army musket and brought home so much bunny meat that the whole family went on a strike, and declared I should study my books more and not hunt rabbits quite so much.

In the spring and fall when the prairie ponds were full of water, the wild ducks on their regular trips north or south got stop-overs and remained with us a few days—thousands of them—and a few of them neglected to go on. Ducks are harder to kill than rabbits. I used to

load the old musket up so heavy that when I would fire it off, if I did not look out sharp, I would get kicked end over end. Then I would get up and look for ducks, and usually they were flying away on the far and distant horizon, as the poets say.

In winter I went to school. We used to play "Anteny Over," with a yarn ball. That is, we chose sides; one gang stood on one side of the school-house and the other half on the other. You yelled Anteny Over and threw the ball over the school-house. The boy that caught it yelled Anteny Over, but instead of throwing it, he sneaked around the corner and soaked the first fellow he saw, and usually the ball was soaked in water, so when you got hit you knew it. Then the fellow that was hit had to go around on the other side. When the bell rang the side that had the most men was the winner.

Then we played one-old-cat and three-cornered cat. Saturdays there were boys playing ball on the prairie back of the church all day, and if I could sneak away I was usually one of the ball players. I was a true Son of Swat.

This brought me many scoldings and a few

mild lickings, because I neglected my work. As a ball-player I was a bird—I used to take a piece of a flat board and when that yarn ball came anywhere around, I gave it a wallop you could have heard a mile. We pitched underhand, and I could certainly do up the town on pitching as well as crossing 'em out. I became a three-cornered-cat fiend.

Everything that came on the first bound, I gathered in; the flies I caught in my hat. When my big sister played, she used to catch 'em in her apron. Finally, I almost forgot how to curry a horse, and the girls had to milk the cows, carry in wood and hunt for the eggs, because I was off playing ball.

Now, one day I saw in the "Weekly Pantagraph," that a man calling himself the agent of the Children's Aid Society of New York, was to be in Bloomington the next week with twenty-five children, and that respectable farmers and such who wanted to adopt children should be on hand and make their selection.

I spelled out that item four or five times, and then carried it to my mother asking what it meant. And she explained to me that these

children were orphans, and there were people who had no children of their own, or not as many as they wanted, who adopted them.

And then a great idea came to me—I needed a brother, and here was a chance to get one. The three brothers I once had died while very young, and although I could remember them but dimly, there were three little mounds in the graveyard that we used to visit on Sunday afternoons, that kept their memory green.

When I suggested going down to Bloomington and picking out a brother for myself, my mother tried to laugh, but I saw the tears running down her cheeks, and then she threw her apron over her head and went out to bring the clothes in off the line.

The next day I brought the subject up at the table. Everybody smiled—they thought it was a fine joke.

Father concluded that we had all the children he could feed, but I argued that I got fifty cents a day when they were running the Brown corn-sheller for driving on the horse-power, and in harvest time I could get a dollar a day. If we had another boy, I could work all the time and

earn money and the other boy could do the chores. "And give you time to play ball," chimed in my big sister.

I loftily waived her remark, but clung to the argument that I needed a brother.

Sis felt a little sorry for what she had said, so she came over to my side and suggested that these orphan children were sent out for a month first, and then adopted if all parties were willing.

"Sent on suspicion," said father.

"It is better than the other way," I argued, "because if you don't like 'em, you don't have to keep 'em, and the other way you can't send 'em back after they have been used."

"The garden work is behind, you know," I continued, "and I can never do it alone."

There was a little more parley with instances by father where orphan boys had set fire to haystacks, turned the cows in the corn, stolen chickens, and cooked them on wire fences by making a fire beneath.

But Sis offset all this by naming three adopted boys who not only worked well, but had joined the Baptist Church and been baptized by cutting a hole in the ice in the creek, only a few

months before. ¶ That settled it—I was given permission to go and pick out a boy. Father and mother would make no promises—if I could get him on a month's trial, all right.

And right there I ceased all agitation and talked of other things. I was afraid the permission would be revoked. Not a peep did I give forth on the subject of brothers. But I thought about it all day and dreamed of it at night. I wanted a brother who could work, who could fight and who could play ball.

The day arrived when the orphans were to be at the Ashley Tavern in Bloomington.

Did I say anything about it? Not I!

I was up at daylight, without being called. I tried to eat breakfast, but had no appetite. So I just made a bluff at it, and then sauntered out into the garden and began to hoe.

Soon father took his saddle-bags and went off to see patients. Mother began baking. The girls started for school.

I ran to the barn, stood in the manger and put a bridle on Ol' Molly and backed her out, first fastening her colt in the box stall. I climbed on her bare back. Instead of taking the road that

ran in front of the house, I cut across the fields and struck the creek road a mile out of town ✍ Then I dug my heels into the old mare's sides and gave her the gad.

I rode the ten miles in a little over an hour, jumped off at the court house, tied the horse and made for the Ashley Tavern.

I knew what I wanted.

I walked into the office, looked around and asked for the orphans.

"Parlor—up-stairs," said the clerk.

I climbed the stairs, two steps at a time and entered the parlor.

It was not yet nine o'clock in the morning, but there the children were—washed, dressed and seated all around the walls of the room.

Several men and women were standing around, looking at the children and talking. Two women in black, and a man with long whiskers and upper lip shaved, seemed to be in charge of the orphans ✍ ✍

"How old are you sonny," said an old man to me, patting me on the head.

"'Leven, going on twelve," I answered

"Can you work?"

"I guess so," I answered. ¶ He called his wife over and they both looked at me earnestly. Then the old man said to one of the widow women in black, "We think we will take this one," at the same time giving me another pat on the head.

"I am already took, you 'll not get me," I roared, "I'm here to pick out a brother. I want a boy that can work, and who can play ball!"

This centered attention on me. Most everybody laughed, including several of the orphans. The boys were dressed in gray and the girls in red. They all seemed quite content—not near as miserable as I thought children should be who had no parents.

I walked twice around the room looking at these orphans, as I had looked at pigs at the county fair.

None of them seemed to answer—all were too yellow, and several of them whispered together and made fun of me. I was in my bare feet and they wore shoes and stockings. All at once I saw in the corner a boy with tow-head and freckles. He had settled down in the corner trying to hide. He was so homely he was attractive.

I walked over to him, and asked, "Can you work and play ball—I want a brother!"

I did not say anything about fighting, for I had suddenly noticed that he was a hunchback ❧ He just looked at me and gulped, scared like, he was that embarrassed.

"I want a brother—will you come with me and be my brother?" I asked.

I omitted the qualifications this time—my heart went out to this boy—he seemed so scared and half-sick. I could work, fight and play ball for both ❧ ❧

"Is your name—your name Mudsock?" he whispered ❧ ❧

"No, I'm Bert Hubbard," I said.

"Are you relation of Si Mudsock?"

"Nobody around us by that name," I answered.

¶ "Then I'll go with you and be your brudder," he answered. He stood up. He only came to my shoulder. "I'm fifteen," he said as if in apology. "I'm fifteen—I'm not sick—I had spinal complaint—but I'm all over it now. I am strong—can work and I can play ball."

I took him by the hand and led him to the widow and said, "If you please, Missus, I'll take

this one!" ¶ Then the woman asked me who I was, where I came from, who sent me, and explained that if my parents wished to adopt a boy, or to take one on probation, they must come and sign the papers.

Just then in walked Uncle Elihu Rogers ✍ I referred to him. Uncle Elihu assured them that I was the son of Doctor Hubbard and that I knew as much as my father, or thought I did. All the time I held my boy tightly by the hand. ¶ It was finally agreed that if Uncle Elihu would go out and get Dr. Crothers, and both of them would sign for the boy, I could have him on a month's trial, to be adopted then by my parents, if they so desired.

Dr. Crothers came over, smiled, asked me a few questions. He then gave me and my new brother each ten cents, and signed the papers.

I walked out of the parlor rapidly, down the stairs and over to the court-house, leading my new-found brother. He carried a bundle tied up in a big red handkerchief.

I unfastened Ol' Molly, climbed up on the hitching rail, and jumped on her back. Then I held out my hand, stiffened my foot, and up climbed

my brother. He was nimble and strong—I felt better

As we jogged along I asked, "Why did you ask me if my name was Mudsock?"

"He's them an that had me last—'dopted me—he lives near Peoria. Is that near here? He used me to bat up flies—beat me, starved me, and then when I ran away he tried to get me arrested. He said I stole a horse!"

"Did you?" I asked.

"Never, I just ran away and stole rides on the railroad clear back to New York—it took me six weeks. There they put me in the Home and brought me out west again to be 'dopted I do n't mind being 'dopted by you. I can work, I can—but I want to go to school a little, to read and study and be a man. I like you—but if Mudsock comes for me, what will you do?"

"Kill him," I answered.

Mother was just putting the dinner on when Ol' Molly, Brudder and I reached the front gate

THE month of probation past, and father and mother straightway adopted Brudder, all without any coercion from me. It was very

funny—at first they thought it a calamity, then they got to telling the neighbors how they sent me after him.

The lad was alert, obedient, willing. He was grateful for everything; whereas I was Grabheimer from Grabville.

Again and again my sisters would say to me, "Now, why don't you try to be gentlemanly like Brudder, and not hang your hat on the floor and talk back."

I had intended to select a boy who looked like myself—this being the highest type I could imagine. Instead I had picked my opposite. I was tall, slender, and had black hair and brown eyes. Brudder was short, and a genuine blond. I was saucy—he was polite. Instead of picking out the strongest and liveliest boy I could find, I chose the smallest, the sickliest, the homeliest one in the bunch. My judgment was in the ditch, and I was carried away on the back of sympathy. It was head against heart, and heart made a home run. In spite of his physical disability, he was very strong, and he could do fully as much work as I. In his books he was a bit deficient, but the girls taught him evenings, and in long

division I had to call upon him to help me out. He used to hold the hank of yarn for mother to wind and would do this without either snarling the yarn or mother's temper ❧ Once I heard mother say that Brudder was just like my brother Charlie who died when he was nine years old ❧ ❧

We worked together, got jobs at the station unloading lumber, drove on the horse-power and sold corn-cobs to the section men for fuel. Saturday afternoons we played ball. This was Brudder's passion, as well as mine. We found a big chunk of solid rubber on the railroad that had served its purpose as a car-spring. Or did we work it out of the car with a crow-bar? I really cannot say. But anyway, Brudder got busy cutting out a solid rubber ball with his knife. Very patiently did he work cutting and paring. At last the ball was done. Oh, it was a daisy! With a round club you could knock it a mile. We then quit playing three-cornered-cat and Brudder showed us how to play baseball. He sent away and got the "Rules." He was always sending for catalogs and sample copies of magazines. We made him captain of our

team, and when the Bloomington Giants came up to play us, we beat them forty-nine to twenty-three. We were making plans to go out as professionals when something terrible happened. It was one Saturday afternoon. Brudder had been with us just six months. He and I had dug potatoes hard all the morning, and mother had told us we could have the entire afternoon. We were playing the "Invincibles" from the Normal ✍ ✍

Brudder was pitching, and the way he sent that solid rubber spheroid over the plate and around the plate was marvelous. He could throw a curve that circled the batter's neck—or nearly so. The Invincibles were n't in it. They had a cloth ball with a piece of rubber in the center, but we kicked on this and insisted on our own or nothing. Things were coming our way ✍ I was catching. The way I picked that ball right off the wood was marvelous.

All at once I saw a strange man coming across the diamond with a black-snake whip in his hand. He was big and had red bushy whiskers. Brudder saw him and turned pale—he was so scared that he just held the ball in his hand and

stood first on one foot, then on the other. I was paralyzed ✍ ✍

The big man in his ragged, dusty clothes with his black-snake whip was walking right toward Brudder, yelling, "So I've found you at last—I've found you at last!"

Brudder ran out across the diamond toward the field. The man followed after him. Suddenly Brudder stopped—his hand with the solid rubber ball shot up, over, around, his knee came up to his chin—and the ball shot forward!

It caught the man square on the mouth ✍ He dropped the whip, threw up his hands, reeled, staggered and fell on his back, the blood streaming from his nose and mouth.

The crowd was around him in a minute. We thought he was dead.

Father was sent for and came with his case of instruments ready to cut off a leg, but before he arrived some one had thrown a bucket of water in the man's face. By this time he was sitting up. He had spit out a mouthful of teeth and was trying to talk, asking for that dam boy who had tried to murder him, when he had n't done nothing to nobody.

I began looking around for Brudder. He could not be found. No one had seen him. We searched the house and the barn. We looked in the wheat bin and under the hay. Then we discovered that our three-year-old bay colt was gone. A scrap of paper in the oats measure told the tale. On it was scrawled, "Dear Bert: If I killed Mudsock they will hang me. If I did n't kill him he will kill me, for he says I am his. I have to leave you. When I score I 'll pay for the colt. I am not bad—God has forgotten me, that is all Brudder." It was a lonely household after Brudder had gone. We thought he would be back in a few days. We put a notice in the "Weekly Pantagraph," but no one had seen my brother. One of our neighbors once said to mother at church, —"So he stole your horse, did he—they are all alike!" And mother said something to the man he did not soon forget. Sunday afternoons we still went up to the graveyard, and I wondered why there were not four mounds instead of three. The graves kind of seemed very near, and dear and close.

Four years passed, and I secured a job in Chicago. I was as big as a man and felt as

big as one, even if I was only sixteen years old. I was down home on a visit and a letter came. I hold the letter now in my hand as I write. It is yellow and soiled, but still is legible. Here is what it says: Dear Bert: "Here is a draft for two hundred dollars to pay for the colt. Give it to your father with my love. The horse was worth the money to me, but I had to sell him. I am secretary to the Manager of the White Sox. I get twenty-five dollars a week. I play shortstop. I got a walk to first, then I stole second, and a small swat put me on third, and I'll not die here. When I score you will hear from me. The Great Umpire, I guess, has n't entirely forgotten me.

Yours truly,

Brudder."

I am fifty years old. Brudder is fifty-three. I saw him last week when I lectured at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. He was right in the front row, "rooting," as he expressed it when he came up on the stage after the speil. ¶ "You look as if the Great Umpire was on your side," I said. ¶ "He is—I am not rich—but I have all I need—I get three thousand dollars a

year. Then I have my daughter, and any man with such a daughter is rich. You know I am superintendent for the A. J. Reach Co., the folks who make the baseballs."

Brudder is a trifle bald, but his face is the same that I saw at the Ashley Tavern, only without the pallor. Men who love baseball seem to keep young, they are always boys. With Brudder was his grown-up daughter, a beautiful girl a head taller than he. She called me Uncle.

SWOLLEN FORTUNES ARE NOT SO DANGEROUS AS A SWOLLEN NAVY

A Peace Precedent

THE coast line between Canada and the United States, from the St. Lawrence River to Lake Superior, is about two thousand miles.

In the year Eighteen Hundred and Twelve, there were forty-six forts, big and little, on the United States side, and about the same number frowned at us from Canada.

At Fort Niagara alone there were at one time six thousand troops. Altogether we had on the

Great Lakes over a hundred craft devoted to the art of fighting—this in the interest of peace. ¶ In one little battle we had with our British cousins, on Lake Erie, Commodore Perry, a rash youth of twenty-seven, captured six British ships and killed three hundred men. A little before this the British destroyed ten ships for us and killed two hundred Americans.

After the War of Eighteen Hundred and Twelve was ended and peace was declared, both sides got busy, very busy, strengthening the forts and building war ships.

At Watertown, Conneaut, Erie, Port Huron, Cleveland and Detroit were shipyards where hundreds of men were working night and day building war ships. Not that war was imminent but the statesmen of the time said there was nothing like "preparedness." In Canada things were much the same, and there were threats that Perry's famous message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," would soon be reversed

Suddenly, but very quietly, two men in Washington got together and made an agreement. One man was acting Secretary of State, Richard

Rush of Philadelphia. The other was Charles Bagot, Minister to the United States from England ❧ Rush was of Quaker parentage, and naturally, was opposed to the business of war. ¶ Bagot had seen enough of fighting to know it was neither glorious nor amusing.

Rush wrote out a memorandum of agreement which he headed AN ARRANGEMENT.

The document is written on one side of a single sheet of paper and is dated April Twenty-eight, Eighteen Hundred and Seventeen. Here is a copy:

"1.—The Naval Forces henceforth to be maintained upon the Great Lakes shall be confined to the following vessels on each side:

"2.—On Lake Ontario one vessel, not to exceed one hundred tons burden, carrying not more than twenty men and one eighteen-pound cannon ❧ ❧

"3.—On the Upper Lakes two vessels, of same burden, and armed in a like way.

"4.—On Lake Champlain one vessel of like size and armament.

"5.—All other armed vessels to be at once dismantled, and no other vessel of war shall be

built or armed along the St. Lawrence River or on the Great Lakes."

This agreement has been religiously kept for ninety-one years. Its effect was to stop work at once on the fortifications, and cause disarmament along the Great Lakes.

So far as we know the agreement will continue for all time. Both parties are satisfied, and in fact, so naturally has it been accepted, very few people know of its existence.

Here is an example that our friends at The Hague might well emphasize. If those forts on the frontier had been maintained, and had the ships of war continued to sail up and down, it would have been a positive miracle if there had not been fighting.

Probably they would have forced us into a war with England before this. We have had several disputes with Canada when it would have been very easy to open hostilities if the tools had been handy. Men who tote pistols find reasons for using them, and the nations that have big armies will test their use when excuse offers.



HEALTH AND WEALTH

THE civilized earth is practically parceled out among nine Great Nations. These nations are The United States of America, England, Germany, France, Russia, Italy, Austria, Spain and Turkey.

Each of these nations keeps a large standing army. The United States has the smallest army and Russia the largest. We also have more food and Russia the least. Twice in ten years we have fed her.

In round numbers these nine great powers take and constantly keep four million men from useful production. Including those who are working in shops and factories, employed in the creation of army supplies there are five million people, of the very flower and pick of the world, engaged in military duty.

Let the further fact be noted that where a man is taken from useful production, some one has to work to support him.

The worst of war or war service is that the soldier is a ruined man. William T. Stead says, "Four out of five of all English soldiers who serve for two years or more are tainted by venereal disease."

To a great degree population is reproduced by the weak, the old and the unfittest.

The most awful feature of war is not the loss of life on the field of battle or death in the hospitals, but it is that the men who return, come back demoralized by disease and transmit disease and the tendencies of degeneration to the unborn.

Fear, greed and vanity are the three things which stand in the way of disarmament. But the thinking people of the world are beginning to see that the perpetuity of the race demands the abolition of war.

If individuals cannot agree we do not allow them to get out in the street and battle with each other.

That might prove which was the stronger man but it would not prove who was right in the question at issue. Justice is not to be reached through violence.

We elect supervisors to look after the affairs of each county, and if counties disagree they find their remedy in the state courts.

If states disagree they carry the case to the United States Court.

But if countries disagree we return to violence and straightway destroy life and property in order that equity may reign.

Among all savage tribes there is a goodly degree of consideration for the individual members of the tribe, a certain standard of justice and ethics. The American Indians do not maltreat their women, nor abuse their children. In fact corporal punishment is looked upon with great disfavor. Savages have a Golden Rule, too. But it applies only to members of the family or tribe, just as our Golden Rule does not apply to outside nations. My plea is for a Golden Rule that will apply not only to our own country, not only to Christendom, but to all the world.

The absurdity of avowed violence between nations that clamorously proclaim themselves "Christians" is too evident to discuss.

If two countries can make an "arrangement" limiting the matter of armament and this arrangement holds for a hundred years, cannot nine countries do the same? All that is then needed is a few soldiers to do police duty.

Nations cannot afford to be savages any more than individuals.

THE GUINEA FEATHER SHOULD BE THE NATIONAL FLOWER

The Guinea Hens

ABOUT a year ago I reprinted in these columns a paragraph from the London *Pall Mall Gazette*, as follows: "You can join the American Academy of Immortals on payment of two guineas. This guarantees your immortality for ninety-nine years with privilege of renewal. Our Yankee brothers are a strange and gullible people." Well, a few weeks later a man from Kalamazoo wrote me thus: "I want you to enroll my name in the American Academy of Immortals and in payment I send you two guineas."

There was no money in the letter, but that afternoon a box came by express containing two guinea hens.

Would n't that give you cold feet?

One of the guinea hens was a rooster.

But which one I did n't know, excepting that one was a bit more pompous than the other and had more to say. And this, I assumed, was Mr. Guineahen

The guinea pig isn't a pig and doesn't come from Guinea.

The guinea fowl does—being a partially domesticated partridge, prairie-chicken or sage-hen of the Guinea jungle.

Wild birds and wild animals mate—domesticate them and they become promiscuous. I do not know why this is, but it does seem as if civilization were immoral. Guineas mate and are true and loyal until death do them part ❧ These two guineas the Michigan man sent me wore tailor-made suits of faultless fit.

I sent the guineas up to the Roycroft farm so to keep the hawks away.

When a guinea sees a hawk or any big bird flying around, he gives the alarm, and all the fowls but the guineas scoot for cover ❧ The guinea just flies up on the gate and shoots forth a torrent of Billingsgate defiance. No bird that wears feathers has a vocabulary equal to the guinea—it is so profane that it is unprintable. Epithet, ridicule, sarcasm and cuss-words are sent forth in rapid fire. When a guinea is a little excited you can hear him a mile. As before intimated it is Mr. Guineahen who makes most

of the noise, but his wife is a good imitator, and she always echoes the sentiments of her liege—political, social, religious. On the subject of hawks, weasels, skunks and strange cats, old Mr. and Mrs. Guinea are absolutely one. On non-essentials they occasionally differ, and exhibit these differences as to what constitutes wit by many interesting little physical culture exhibitions.

In other words, they fight.

But with guineas a foreign disturbance always makes peace at home.

The guinea has surpassed man in this—he has abolished fear. He sounds warning notes, but as for himself, he resembles Fuzzy Wuzzy, his former owner, and does n't give a dam.

Mr. Guinea is boss of the barn-yard. Even a game bird considers discretion the better part of valor. A guinea will tackle an English bull dog. If the dog knew his power he might win, or at least get a slice of the gate receipts, but when a guinea begins to say things at a bull dog—or any dog for that matter—that dog stipulates all the facts concerning his pedigree to be as stated, and hikes.

About June one of our guineas disappeared. The other one used to come around, lonesome like, just a-wearying for his mate. He would fly up on the ridge of the barn and call and call. We felt awful sorry for him. We thought his mate must have been killed or stolen.

But one day, would you believe it, I saw those two guineas out in the stubble, a half mile from the barn. They were cooing away, chuckling, clucking and seemingly polishing up their vocabularies.

I was that rejoiced that I went right out to see them. As I approached I saw a brown moving mass close to the ground all around them.

This mass was baby guinea hens. There were four thousand of them!

As I approached, Mr. Guineahen gave a cluck and yelled, "Low bridge!" and the little ones disappeared as if my old friend Kellar were in charge of the show.

I stood still and in about five minutes Mr. Guineahen gave another Number Six cluck and shouted, "All safe—let her go!" and the ground was alive with the guinea chicks.

They were little brown, fluffy things about as

big as what the girls call "a spool of cotton," the kind that used to cost us five cents, but which now is six.

I watched them for an hour. Mr. Guineahen kept circling round and round the brood talking in a monotone to himself. I never heard such boasting and bragging! He scouted race suicide and flouted Malthus.

"What this country needs is more guineas," he declared in a quiet cackle. All the time he watched the sky for hawks, and hunted for seeds and bugs, and these he passed right over to his wife and family.

He was the busiest and happiest bird I ever saw. Toward sundown he led his picnic party over to the bushes, and I saw Mr. Guineahen sit down close to his mate and the little ones nestle under them for warmth and shelter. We read about how two thousand years ago "a hen spreadeth her wings and gathereth her young." But in this brooding business Mr. Guinea is just as clever and reliable as Mrs. Guinea, and the little ones make no distinction.

It is a wise guinea chick that knows its own mother

It must have been a month before I saw our guineas again. This time they came right into the barn-yard—the father and mother, and the eighteen little ones with red feet and bills. They were about as big as Indiana quails. All were exactly alike, very well disciplined; they moved in a solid flock.

Mr. Guinea fluttered about, circled his family and called loudly for cracked corn and wheat. ¶ We made haste to fill the order, and woe betide the Plymouth Rock that dare come near until those twenty guineas had enough.

Having eaten, the old ones flew up on the fence —a five-board affair, horse high, pig tight and bull strong.

The old guineas walked along on the top board and the little ones, one at a time, tackled the lower board, which was about a foot from the ground

The second night the little ones tried the second board and they spread out in a straight line, eighteen strong, with red beaks all pointed one way

The third day they tried the third rail, and at the end of the week they had all conquered the

top board. ¶ A week later I saw the whole bunch sitting right on the ridge of the barn, singing out of tune in a discordant chorus, but very happy. Every night at sunset they sat on the ridge-pole and sang vespers. In the morning they did their matins from their roost in the trees. ¶ Last night I was awakened about two o'clock by the guineas—they were all singing, calling and shouting at once. I was wondering what it was all about when I heard Ali Baba's voice in a loud whisper, "Git up quick—don't you hear the guineas, they are yelling for god-sake! Something is wrong!"

I slid out of bed, jumped into my trousers, and got out of doors. It was very dark.

"The trouble is in the chicken house, I reckon!" said Baba ❧ We made for the poultry house. As we approached I saw the door was open. A man sprang out and ran past me. I made a grab for him, but missed. Baba and I both dashed after him; we might have captured him, if Ali hadn't caught the clothes line under his chin and been sent to grass ❧ As he went down he said something almost as bad as that which the guineas were saying from the treetops.

The dark figure we were following tumbled over the fence and disappeared in the corn.
And all the time the guineas shouted.
We got a lantern, and found a bag full of something; I cut the string and six of my best Plymouth Rocks flew out of that bag, which the Mudsock had gotten ready to carry away.
We went out under the trees where the guineas were roosting and I heard Mr. Guinea shout—
"All safe—everybody to bed—let 'er go!"
The discord ceased. And all around was the great, dark, quiet, all-enfolding night, the silence broken only by the gentle chirrup of the crickets.

You Can Send a Boy to College but You Cannot Make Him Think

Anent University Training

THE Middle West, with its semi-pioneer times, supplied exactly the right environment for the evolution of a very strong type of man.
There was toil, hardship, difficulty, with a strict necessity for economy of time and materials:

and there was also encouragement and a rich reward for the men who would work. It was an atmosphere of effort, invention, adjustment—readjustment.

Paul Morton, man of action and man of power, brought up in Nebraska, and graduating at the University of Hard Knocks, is as good a specimen of the new genus, as I can now recall. He has health, enthusiasm, courage, and the fine fusing and mixing qualities that mark him as a man among men. Difficulty does not daunt him, nor is he appalled when some one says, "This has never been done before!" His business, like the true railroad man that he is, has been to do that one thing—the thing that had never been done before.

Of all men, the builder and organizer of railroads, must be a man who can abandon a good plan for a better one. A good railroad manager throws an engine on the scrap-heap every morning before breakfast. Appliances are no sooner invented and tried before they must be replaced by better ones. And so the railroad builder must be a man of great fluidity of spirit; quick to see a betterment, and firm in his

decision to utilize it. Moreover, he must know humanity—the needs of the public—something of every business—and season all of his work with courtesy and enough of beauty to make it acceptable.

And this is Paul Morton! Going into the Burlington & Missouri employ as errand boy at fifteen; rising in a year to clerkship; next head-clerk of his office; private secretary to a Divison Superintendent; Assistant General Freight Agent; General Passenger Agent; Traffic Manager; Second-Vice-President and practically manager of one of the greatest railroad systems in the world. A member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet

He was right in line for the presidency of the Santa Fe, and would have landed the office, had he not chosen to take control of a proposition that offered bigger difficulties.

So much for Paul Morton. And now behold this man, strong as he is, dodging behind a superstition, unable to face a popular fallacy, sidestepping a pedagogic bugaboo, hugging the ropes, and crying for quarter.

"What do you think of college education?"

asked an editor of Paul Morton. And Paul Morton ducks, courtesies and with a finger in his mouth, says, "It is the regret of my life that I did not go to college!"

Fie upon you, Paul Morton, why didn't you say, "Polly wants a cracker," or something equally startling and original? You know perfectly well, Paul, that your going into that office as an errand boy, was exactly the start in life that your needs required. You know, too, that you have all the education you can carry—all you can possibly use in your business.

Why twitter twaddle and sputter the trite? Why not say that college education is good for those who need it, and let it go at that!

Or say,—I see—when you expressed regret that you had not gone to college and been landed in a railroad office at twenty-two, too proud to scrub, too smart to hustle, and too old to quickly adapt yourself to the letter file, you were passing us out a subtle one, soaked in tincture of iron—I see!

JUST AS LONG AS THE STATE SETS AN EXAMPLE OF KILLING ITS ENEMIES, INDIVIDUALS WILL OCCASIONALLY KILL THEIRS.

The Death Penalty

AMONG the pleasant duties of the President of France is that of signing all death warrants issued in the Republic. This is well. ¶ President Fallieres says, however, that there should be a slight change in the arrangement, to-wit: The judge who sentences the man to die, should also act as his executioner. ¶ President Fallieres knows full well that if this were the case it would do away with legalized homicide. He says, "I will not ask another man to do that which I myself am unwilling to do. I will do no murder—even for the State."

Therefore, President Fallieres is commuting all death penalties to life imprisonment, and where there is a ghost of doubt about the man's guilt, he pardons him. He says, "France must learn to take care of her criminals without killing them. It's a poor use to make of a man—to

take his life—it is an acknowledgment of our inefficiency. ¶ Even a life sentence should hold out to the man the promise that twenty years of good behavior and useful work will make him free. Penology must be made a science to the end that when we imprison a man we do it for his own good, with the intent of turning out a better man than we took in. ¶ Just as long as the State sets an example of killing its enemies, individuals will occasionally kill theirs.

Two hundred years ago when England had forty-six offenses punishable by death there was very much more crime than now. Crime has decreased as laws have become more humane. There is no such thing as a criminal class. Murder exists first in the heart; and it often exists in the hearts of very good people. When the State ceases to breed murder in the minds of her citizens, they will cease not only the killing of each other, but the desire to kill.

Judicial murders are worse than those done in passion—they are so atrociously premeditated, so deliberately planned. No excuse can be made for them, beyond precedent.

The sentiments of the people are opposed to

this legal killing business, and this is why so many murder trials turn themselves into a farce. When there is to be an electrocution everybody tries to get out of the job, and the deadly current is always turned on by a man at a distance from the scene, who salves his conscience by pretending to think he is turning on the lights, and in many cases the executioner is a convict, working under orders.

President Fallieres' refusal to either act as an executioner, or to order others to take human life, is a manifestation of the Better Spirit of the Age

Now let enlightened America by her judges and governors do the same. Our President and every Governor of every state is a negative party to these judicial killings. They know what is being done and by lifting a finger they can stop it, just as President Fallieres has done Let them commute every death sentence to imprisonment for life, all without argument or question and they will thereby express the Spirit of the Times, and Father Antic, the Law, who always lags behind, will manicure his claws.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL!

POISE IS THE STRENGTH OF BODY AND STRENGTH OF MIND TO CONTROL YOUR SYMPATHY AND YOUR KNOWLEDGE.

The Ability To Say No

NATURE makes the crab-apple, but without man's help she could never evolve the pippin.

Nature makes the man, but unless the man takes charge of himself, he will never evolve into a Master. He will remain a crab-apple man. ❧ So nature requires men to co-operate with her. And of course in this statement I fully admit that man is but a higher manifestation of Nature.

Nature knows nothing of time—time is for men. And the fleeting quality of time is what makes it so valuable to us. If life were without limit, we would do nothing. Life without death would be appalling. It would be a day without end—a day with no night of rest ❧ Death is change—and death is a manifestation of life. ¶ We are allowed to live during good behavior, and this is what leads men toward truth, justice and beauty, for these things mean an

extension of time, and happiness instead of misery

We work because life is short, and through this work we evolve. The Master is a man who has worked wisely and intelligently, and through habit has come to believe in himself.

¶ Men are strong just in proportion as they have the ability to say NO, and stand by it. Look back on your own life—what was it that caused you the most worry, wear, vexation, loss and pain? Was n't it because you failed to say no at certain times and stick to it?

This vice of the inability to say NO comes from lack of confidence in yourself.

You think too much of the opinions of other people and not enough of your own. "Put your name right here—it is only a matter of form, you know—just between friends."

And you sign your name. The years go by and there comes a time when you pay for your weakness in blood and tears.

And the real fact is that the good opinion of the best people comes from your saying NO, and not weakly yielding and putting your name to a subscription, a contract or an acknowledg-

ment which was none of yours. ¶ Cultivate self-confidence and learn to say NO. It is a great thing to be a man, but it is a finer thing to be a master—Master of yourself.

The Man Who Needs No Supervision Has Already Succeeded

The Hundred Point Man

THE other day I wrote to a banker-friend inquiring as to the responsibility of a certain person. The answer came back, thus: "He is a Hundred-Point man in everything and anything he undertakes." I read the telegram and then pinned it up over my desk where I could see it. That night it sort of stuck in my memory. I dreamed of it.

The next day I showed the message to a fellow I know pretty well, and said, "I'd rather have that said of me than to be called a great this or that." ¶ Oliver Wendell Holmes has left on record the statement that you could not throw a stone on Boston Common without caroming on three poets, two essayists, and a playwright.

¶ Hundred-Point men are not so plentiful ❧ ¶ A Hundred-Point man is one who is true to every trust; who keeps his word; who is loyal to the firm that employs him; who does not listen for insults nor look for slights; who carries a civil tongue in his head; who is polite to strangers, without being "fresh;" who is considerate towards servants; who is moderate in his eating and drinking; who is willing to learn; who is cautious and yet courageous.

Hundred-Point men may vary much in ability, but this is always true—they are safe men to deal with, whether drivers of drays, motor men, clerks, cashiers, engineers or presidents of railroads ❧ ❧

Paranoics are people who are suffering from fatty enlargement of the ego ❧ They want the best seats in the synagogue, they demand bouquets, compliments, obeisance, and in order to see what the papers will say next morning, they sometimes obligingly commit suicide.

The Paranoic is the antithesis of the Hundred-Point man ❧ The Paranoic imagines he is being wronged, that some one has it in for him and that the world is down on him. He is given

to that which is strange, peculiar, uncertain, eccentric and erratic.

The Hundred-Point man may not look just like all other men, or dress like them, or talk like them, but what he does is true to his own nature. He is himself.

He is more interested in doing his work than in what people will say about it. He does not consider the gallery. He acts his thought and thinks little of the act.

I never knew a Hundred-Point man who was not one brought up from early youth to make himself useful, and to economize in the matter of time and money.

Necessity is ballast.

The Paranoic, almost without exception, is one who has been made exempt from work. He has been petted, waited upon, coddled, cared for, laughed at and chuckled to.

The excellence of the old-fashioned big family was that no child got an undue amount of attention. The antique idea that the child must work for his parents until the day he was twenty-one was a deal better for the youth than to let him get it into his head that his parents

must work for him. ¶ Nature intended that we should all be poor—that we should earn our bread every day before we eat it.

When you find the Hundred-Point man you will find one who lives like a person in moderate circumstances, no matter what his finances are. Every man who thinks he has the world by the tail and is about to snap its demnition head off for the delectation of mankind, is unsafe, no matter how great his genius in the line of specialties.

The Hundred-Point man looks after just one individual, and that is the man under his own hat; he is one who does not spend money until he earns it; who pays his way; who knows that nothing is ever given for nothing; who keeps his digits off other people's property. When he does not know what to say, why, he says nothing, and when he does not know what to do, does not do it ❧ We should mark on moral qualities not merely mental attainment or proficiency, because in the race of life only moral qualities count. We should rate on judgment, application and intent ❧ Men by habit and nature who are untrue to a trust, are danger-

ous just in proportion as they are clever. I would like to see a university devoted to turning out safe men instead of merely clever ones. How would it do for a college to give one degree, and one only, to those who are worthy, the degree of H. P.?

Would it not be worth striving for, to have a college president say of you, over his own signature: "He is a Hundred-Point man in everything and anything that he undertakes!"

ONLY BY HELPING OTHERS CAN YOU HELP YOURSELF

The Zeitgeist

MAURICE MAETERLINK says that one bee can never make honey, for the reason that a bee alone has no intelligence. Bees succeed only by working for the good of other bees. A single bee, separated from the hive, is absolutely helpless, yet a hive of bees has a very great and well-defined purpose and intelligence.

And this intelligence, Maeterlink calls, "The Spirit of the Hive."

Occasionly a bee will go off to the fields and come back gorged with honey, bringing nothing for the common stock, and this bee is quickly killed—stung to death by a self-appointed committee who sit on the case, and seem to consider that any bee that loses sight of the Spirit of the Hive and works for private good is sick, criminally insane, and cannot be allowed longer to cumber good space.

Now it is quite probable that if we could communicate with a bee, and ask it why it makes honey, it would say, "I make honey because I choose to," just as Schopenhauer's boulder that rolled down hill explained that it did so because it found a peculiar pleasure and satisfaction in so doing.

Men think they do certain things because they choose, but the actual fact is they simply succumb to the strongest attraction and call it choice ❧ Is n't a man under the domain of Natural Law just as much as a bee? I think so. The recognition of this great truth concerning the Solidarity of the Race, marks a mental epoch in the onward and upward march ❧ ❧

With the bee, there is seemingly no evolution. The Spirit of the Hive is fixed within narrow limits ❧ ❧

With man, the Spirit of the Hive, or if you prefer, the Spirit of the Times, or the "Zeitgeist," is a constantly changing spiritual entity.

Ancient Athens was made and controlled by fourteen men. But these masterly men did not represent the "Zeitgeist," nor were they strong enough to form the Spirit of the Hive. They kept the many in subjection by the seductive ecclesiasticon—by shows, spectacles, pomps, processions, and when danger at home became imminent, the mob was diverted by a foreign war ❧ ❧

As long as the actual "Zeitgeist" of Greece was saturated with religious fanaticism, superstition, a childish tantrum tendency, a Harry Thaw and Harry Lehr propensity, and an Old Harry atmosphere, the fourteen great men of Athens who for just thirty-six years sat on the lid, were in a very dangerous position.

The miracle is that they kept the beast down and under long enough to build the temples and embellish them with undying works of art.

But they were allowed to do their work only by pandering to the hoi polloi idea that the statues represented the gods in Elysium, and that the Pantheon was for the habitation of Zeus Himself. To find the Deity in yourself by producing Art, was a truth the many could not comprehend, and when Praxitiles hinted at it, his temerity cost him his life.

When Phidias placed his own portrait with that of Pericles upon a sacred shield, the glory that was Greece got its death sentence.

The mumble of discontent grew into a roar. Socrates was passed the hemlock, and all of the fourteen actual gods who made the glory were either killed or ostracized—robbed, disgraced, undone

The "Zeitgeist" had its way. Socrates, Euclid, Pericles, Phidias, Herodotus, Empedocles and Sophocles no more represented the Spirit of the Hive that existed at Athens, than Jesus represented the "Zeitgeist" of Jerusalem in the age of Augustus.

Savonarola, Tyndale, Ridley, Huss, Wyclif, George Wishart, were martyrs, all to the Spirit of the Times.

Yet Socrates, Jesus, Savonarola, Old John Brown, and none of Freedom's illustrious dead died in vain. They died that we might live; and as a single drop of analine will tint an entire cask of water, so has the blood of martyrs tinted the Spirit of the Times and given us a peculiar and different "Zeitgeist" from that which we would otherwise have had.

The death of Lincoln created a sentiment which the living man could not, and which in time brought the entire South to an acknowledgment of the righteousness of his cause.

The "Zeitgeist" not being able to understand or assimilate the doctrines of the seers and prophets, killed them. The man who preaches doctrines or performs deeds contrary to the Spirit of the Times is ever regarded as the enemy of the State, a menace to society, and is snuffed out. Whether he be above the law or below it, matters not: the saviours of the world have always been hanged between thieves. ¶ This full, frank, free expression which we now enjoy is the precious legacy of a blood-stained past. And it is for us, the living, to see that these dead shall not have died in vain.

Familiarity breeds indifference, if not contempt, and whether there be men now living as great as those fourteen in the time of Pericles, it would be difficult to determine.

But this we know—we have a Spirit of the Hive now that is making honey honestly, and that too, of a satisfactory quality, while the honey of Hymettus was made by that immortal fourteen who worked by stealth, plot, plan and connivance.

Our Spirit of the Times is of a kind unequalled in history. We have thousands upon thousands of men and women who are thinking great and noble thoughts and doing great and splendid work

Our "Zeitgeist" is sensitive, restless, alert, impressionable, progressive, and is making for righteousness. The man who can imagine a better religion than now exists, is allowed to throw his vision on the screen, and he who can imagine a better government than we now have, is not hanged for his pains, but is allowed to express his dream.

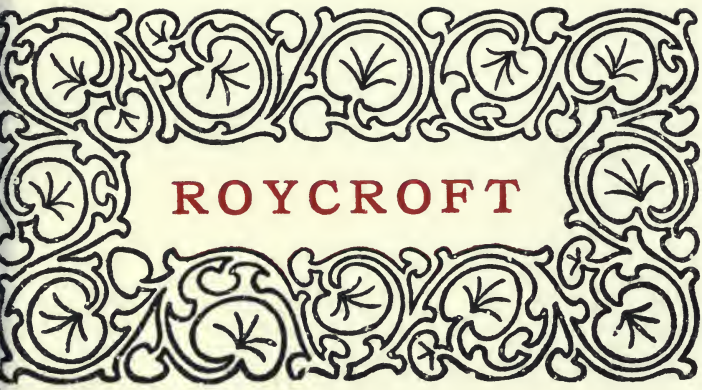
Public opinion rules. No law that is contrary to the "Zeitgeist" can be enforced Judges

translate and interpret the laws to suit the Spirit of the Times.

Every man who speaks out loud and clear is tinting the "Zeitgeist." Every man who expresses what he honestly thinks is true, is changing the Spirit of the Times. Thinkers help other people to think, for they formulate what others are thinking. No person writes or thinks alone —thought is in the air, but its expression is necessary to create a tangible Spirit of the Times. The value of a thinker who writes, or a writer who thinks, is that he supplies arguments for the people and confirms all who are on his wire in opinions often before uttered.



So here endeth the book, *Health and Wealth*, by Elbert Hubbard, now done into enduring print by The Roycrofters, at their Shop which is in East Aurora, Erie County, New York, mcmviii


ROYCROFT



PS2042
H4
1908





